

GOLD  
KEY

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THE FLINTSTONES 80 PAGES 25c

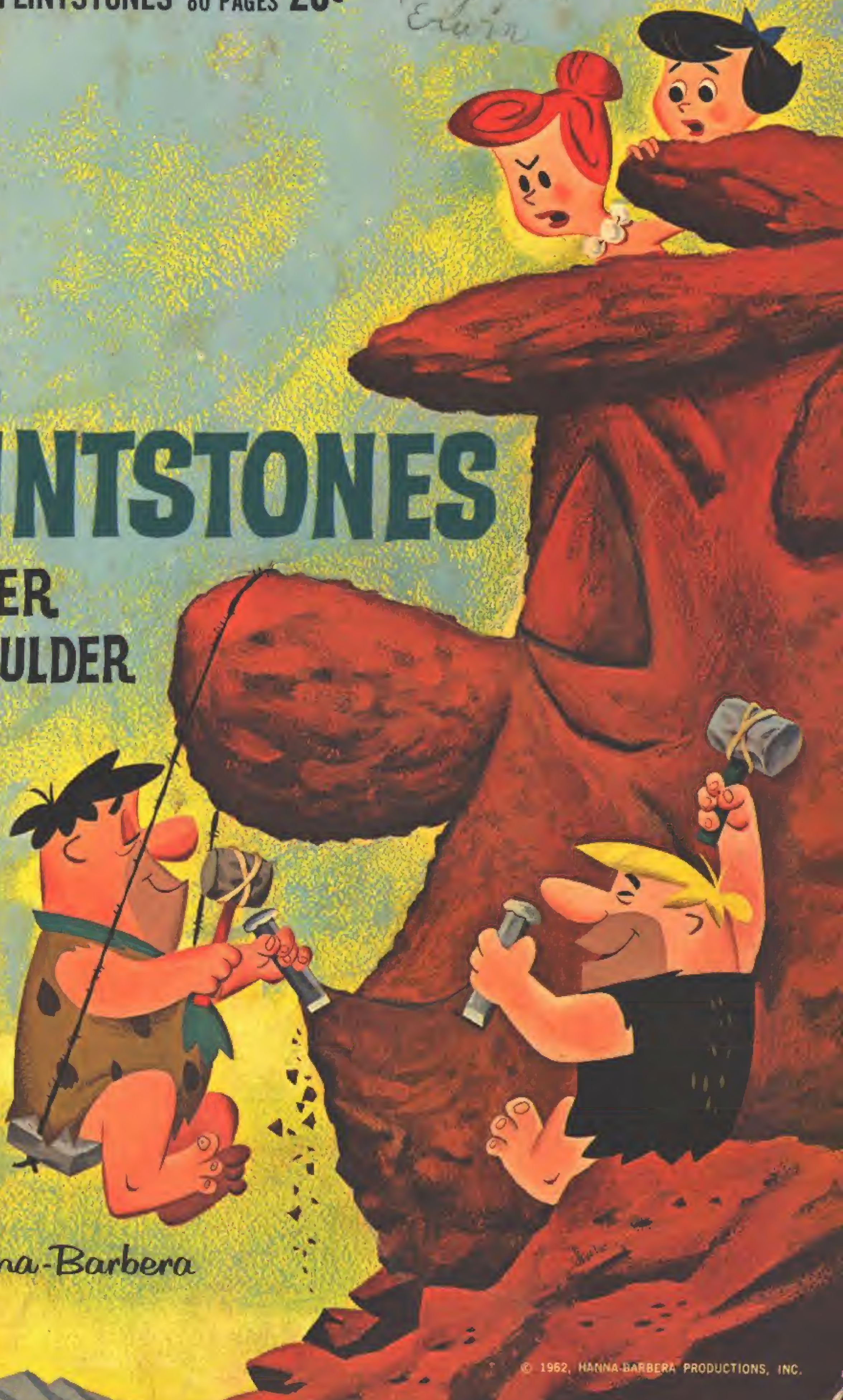
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NOVEMBER

# THE FLINTSTONES

BIGGER  
and BOULDER



by Hanna-Barbera



## A Flintstone Funny





Hanna-Barbera

# THE FLINTSTONES BIGGER and BOULDER

## ANNUAL DINOSAUR SHOE-PITCHING CONTEST

NEXT UP, FLINTSTONE AND RUBBLE FOR THE FINAL DINOSHOE PITCH-OFF!

THIS IS IT, PAL! IF WE MAKE A RINGER, WE WIN THE CONTEST!

GOOD LUCK, BOYS!

WE HAVE IT IN OUR LUCKY DINOSHOE!



YOU'VE WON THE TROPHY AND A FREE TRIP TO GRANITA TO COMPETE IN THE INTERNATIONAL DINOSHOE CONTEST!



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THIS IS SO EXCITING! IMAGINE  
WINNING A TRIP FOR ALL OF US!

THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO  
WHAT WE'LL GET IF WE WIN THE  
INTERNATIONAL TOSS-OFF!



A THOUSAND  
BUCKS IN  
COLD CASH!

AND WE'LL USE THE MONEY  
TO BUILD OURSELVES A  
COMBINATION DEN AND WORK-  
SHOP BETWEEN OUR YARDS!



THANKS TO YOU, LUCKY DINOSHOE!

IT'S BALANCED PERFECTLY  
TO OUR THROW!



SOON...

UGH! THE AGE OF  
CHIVALRY IS DEAD!

YOU WOULDN'T WANT US TO RUIN OUR THROWING  
ARMS BY CARRYING THINGS, WOULD YOU?



ONCE WE CHECK  
INTO OUR ROOMS,  
WE'LL GO OUT  
SHOPPING!

GOODNESS! I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT TO BUY FIRST!



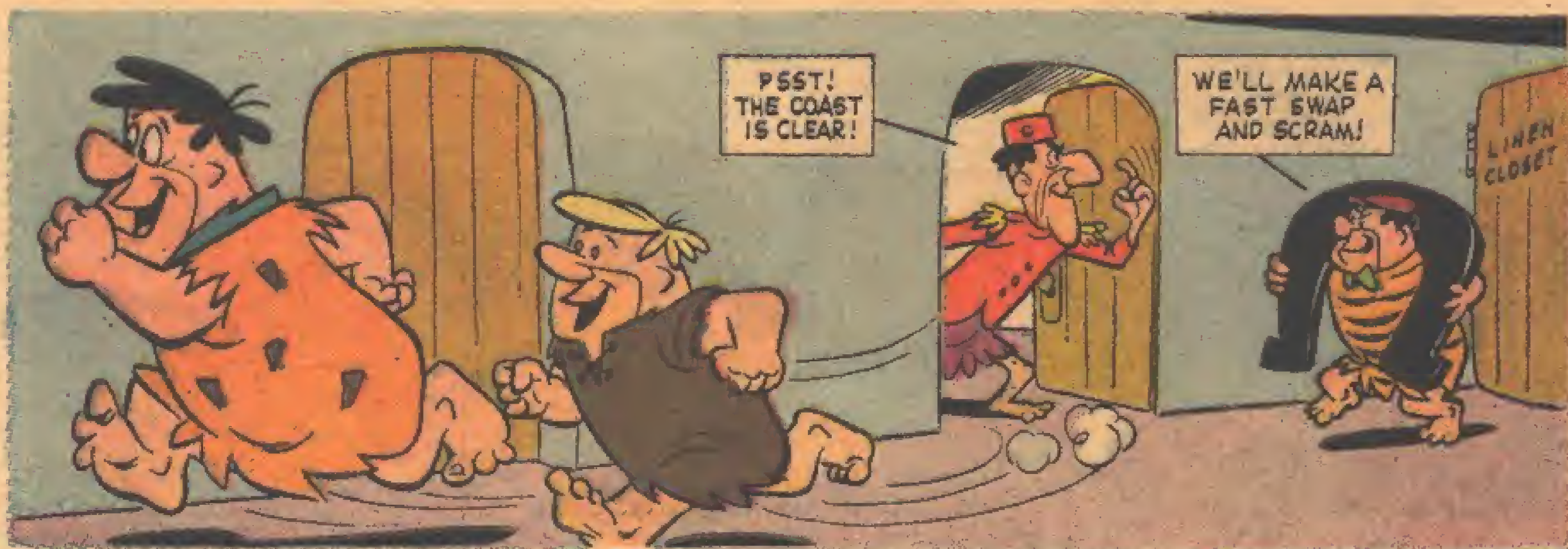
ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY,  
TWO MEN HAVE A MORE  
SERIOUS PROBLEM...

WE'VE GOT  
TO FIGURE  
A WAY!





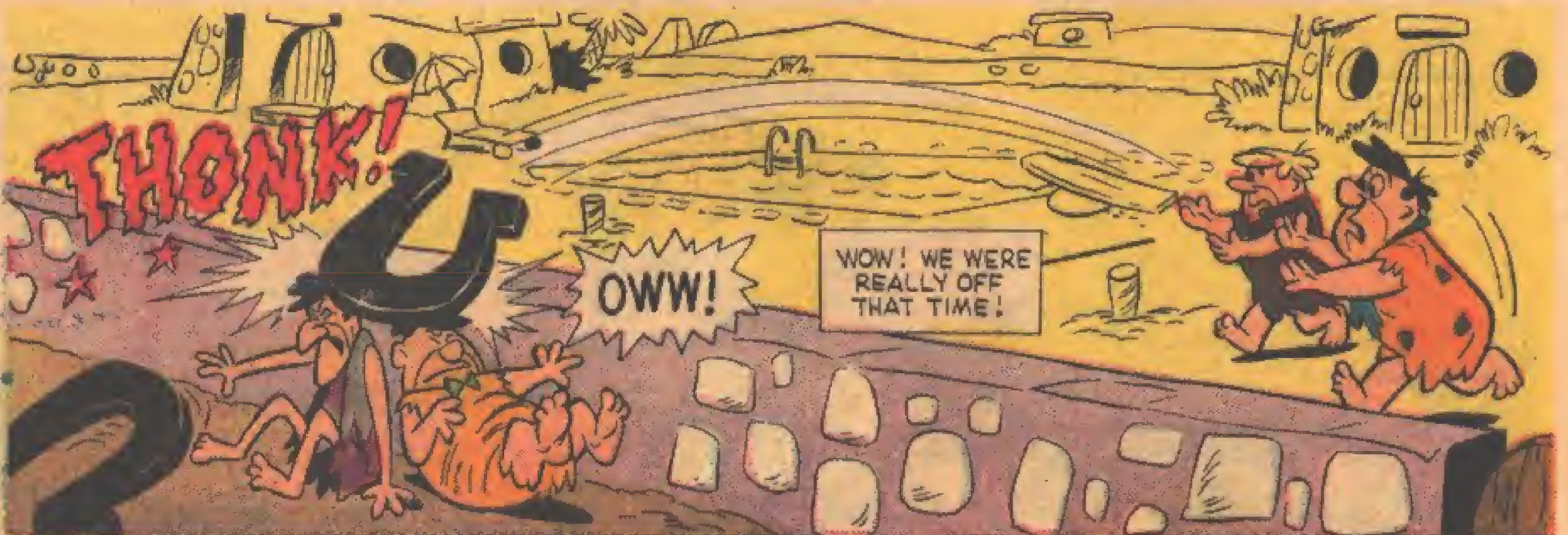




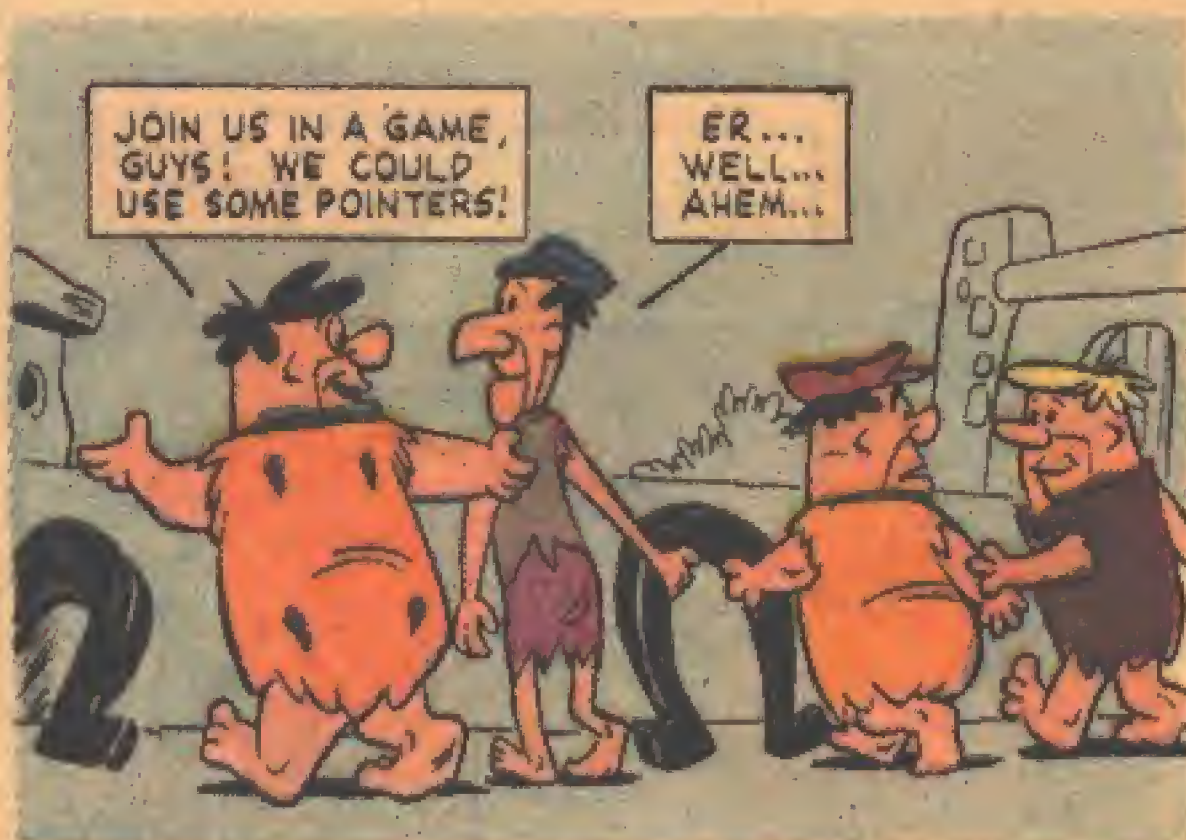




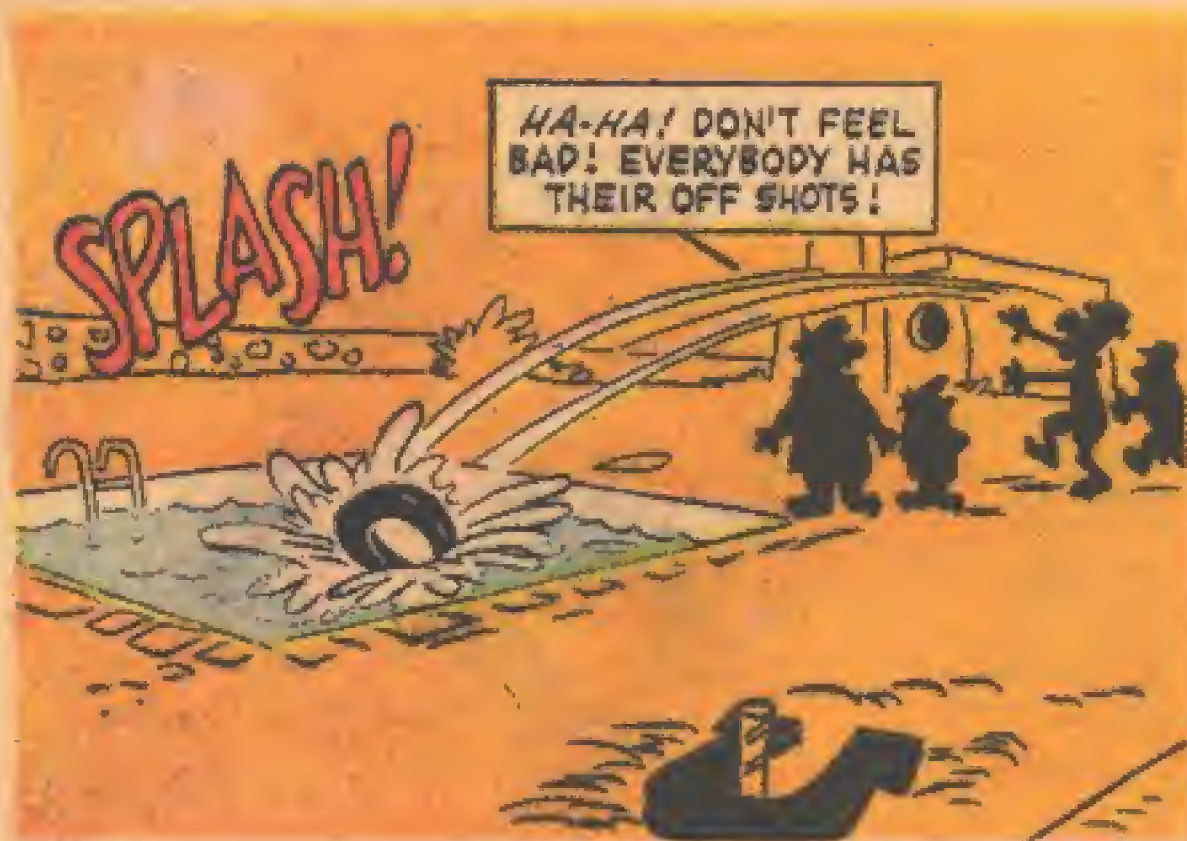












HA-HA! DON'T FEEL BAD! EVERYBODY HAS THEIR OFF SHOTS!



THAT'S FUNNY! A SILVER DINOSHOE!



IDIOT! DIDN'T YOU USE WATER-PROOF PAINT ON THIS THING?

WE WERE IN A HURRY! I USED THE FIRST THING I COULD GRAB!



SEE YOU LATER! WE HAVE TO BE SOMEWHERE FOR LUNCH!

HEY! WHEN YOU SAID LUNCH, I RECOGNIZED YOU! YOU WERE THE BELLHOP IN GRANITA!



THESE GUYS KNOW TOO MUCH! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM WITH US!

ULP!

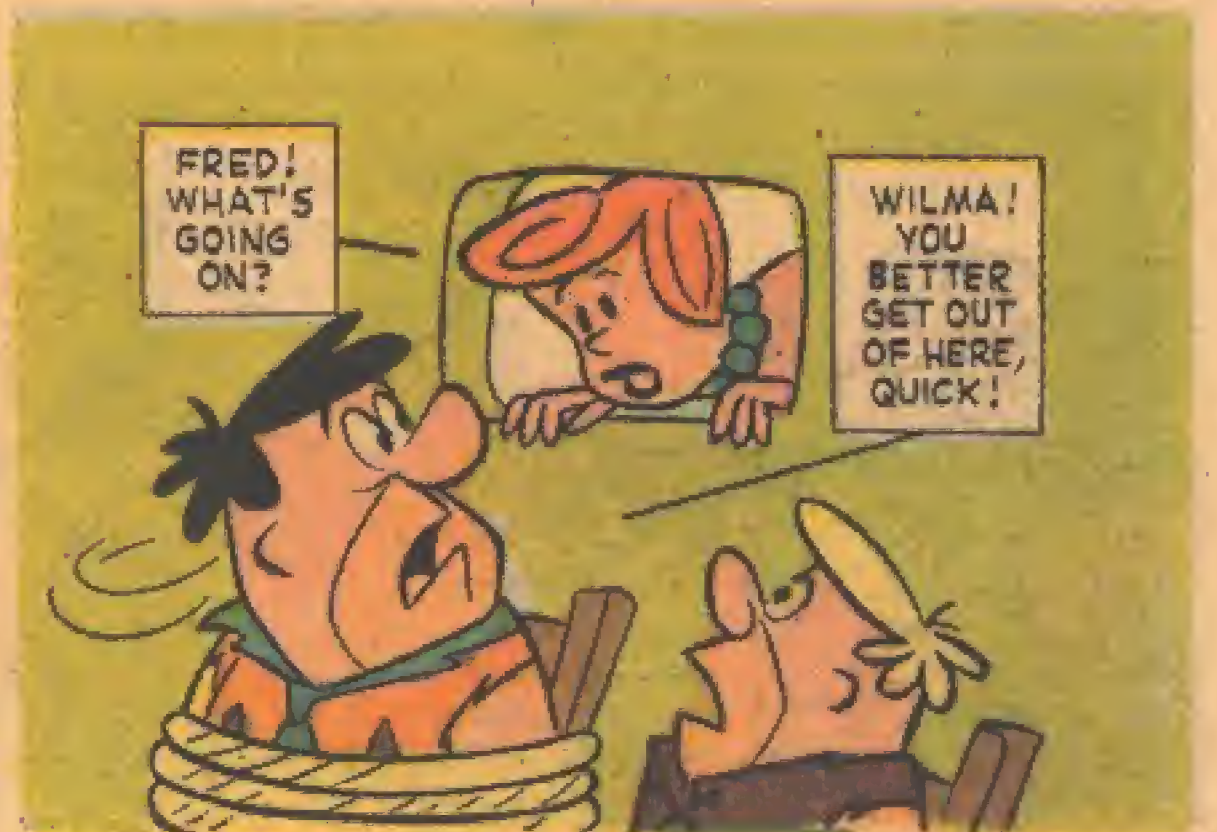
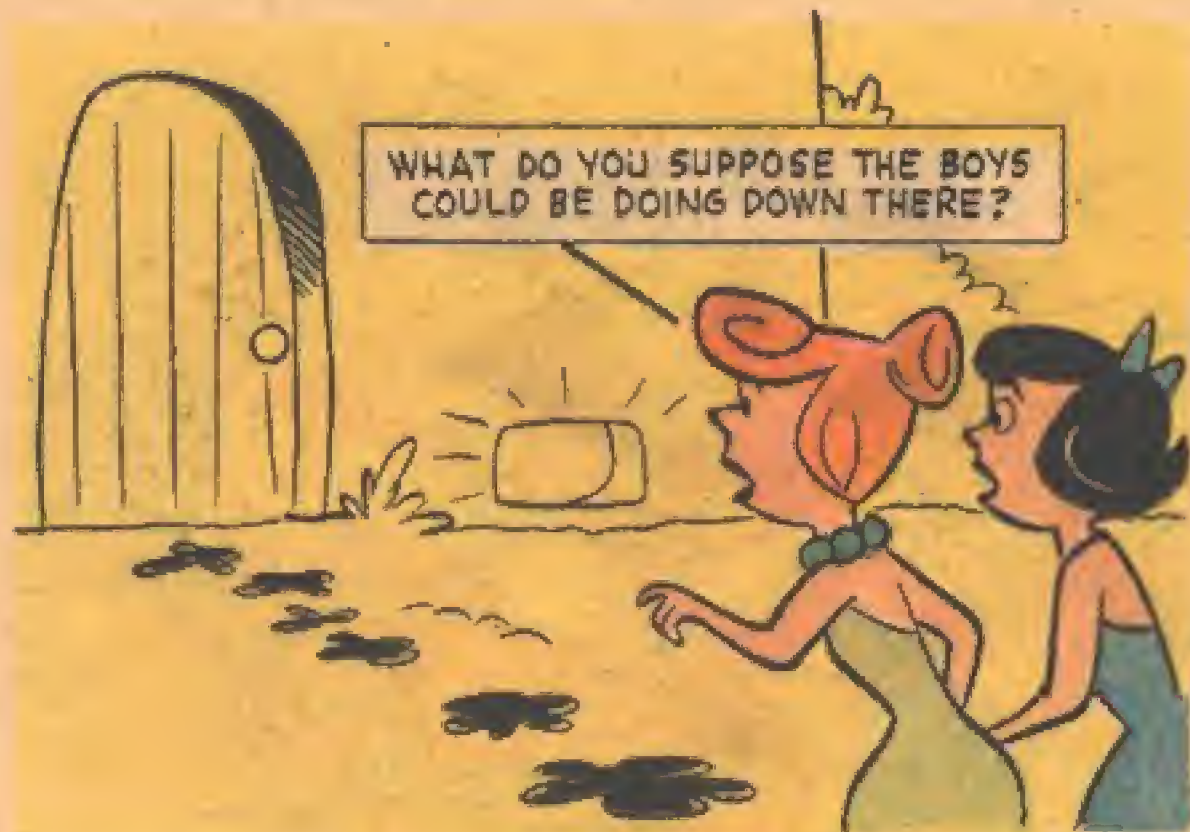


LATER...

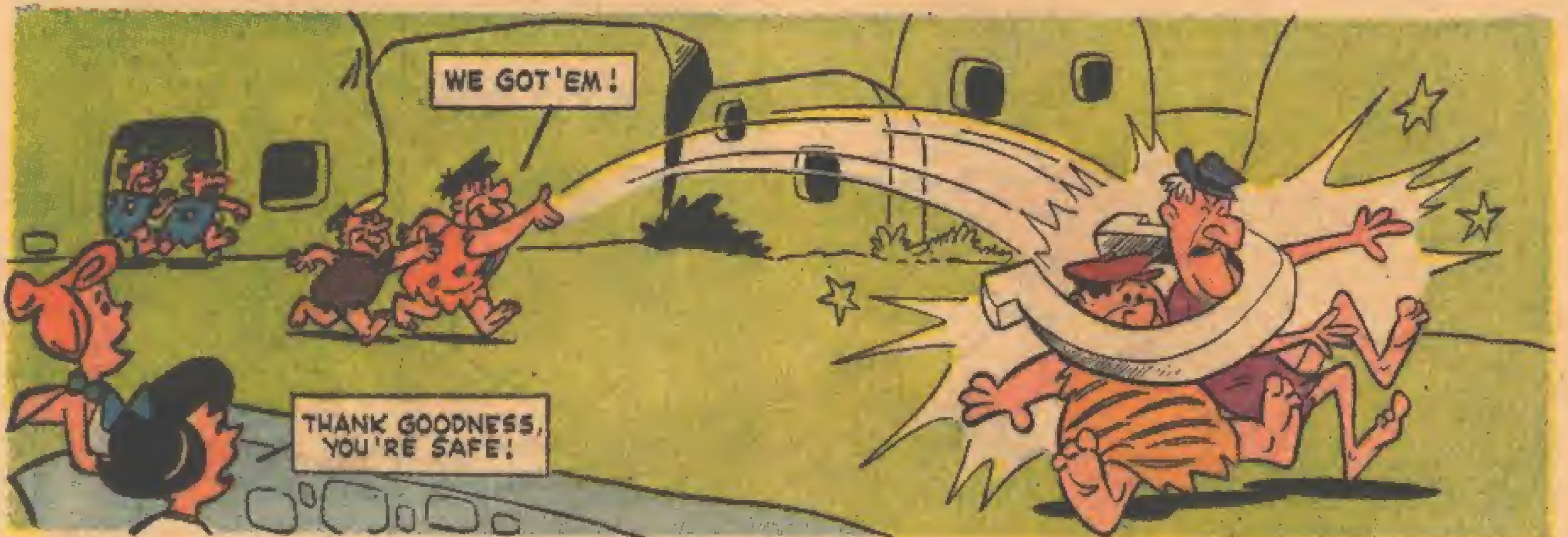
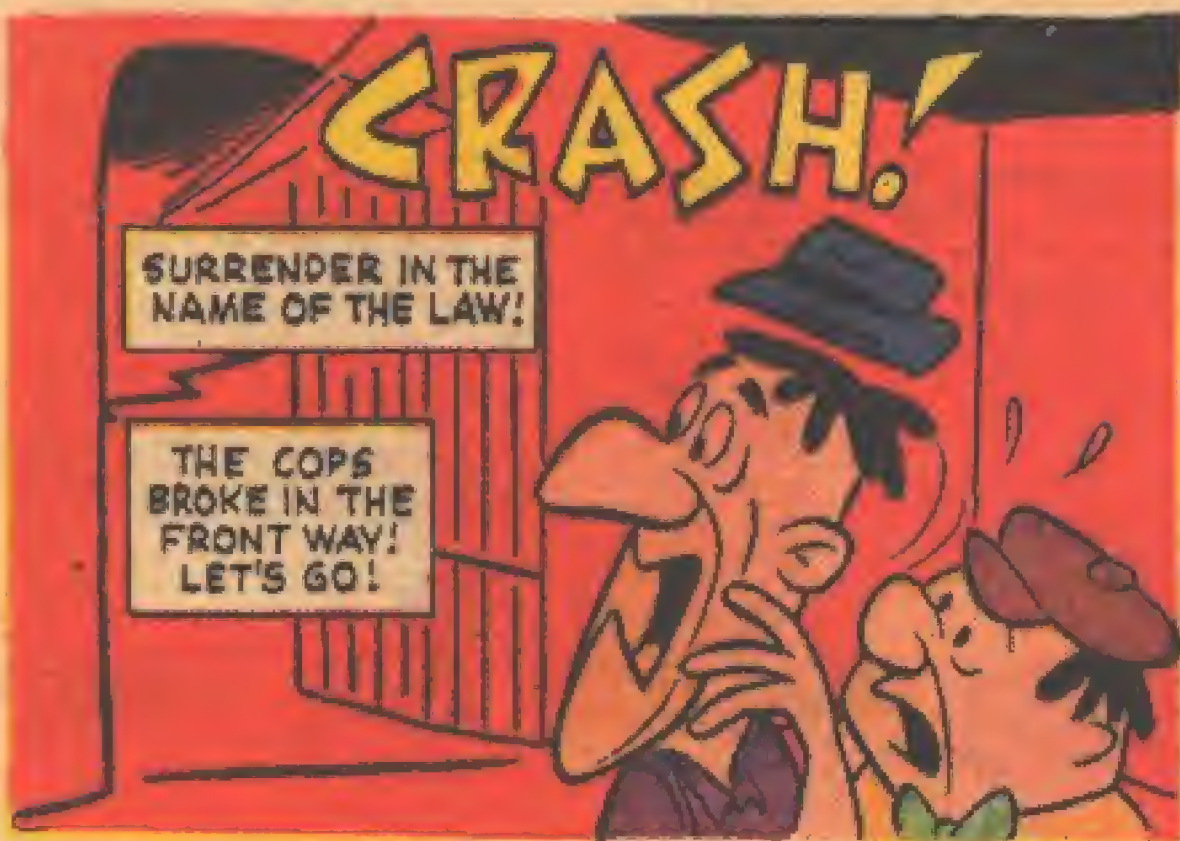
WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THE BOYS ARE? IT'S TIME FOR LUNCH!

THEY'RE SO SLOPPY, IT'LL BE EASY TO FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL! LOOKS AS IF THEY WERE PAINTING SOMETHING!











Hanna-Barbara  
the FLINTSTONES

# THE CRYSTAL BALL GAME

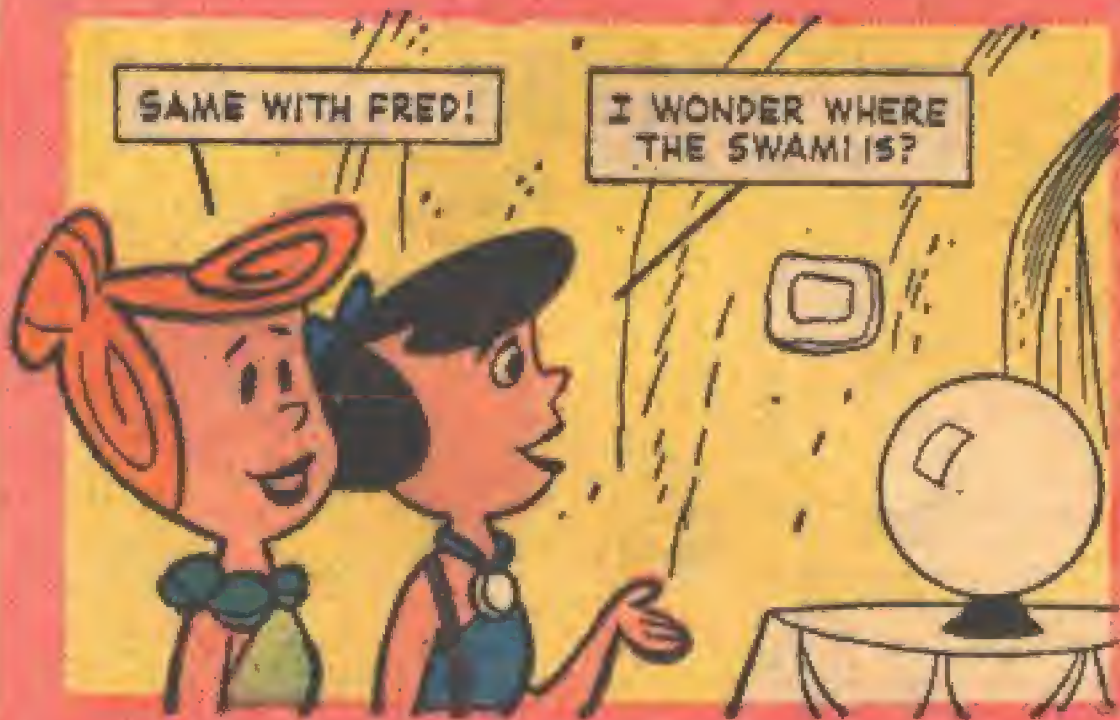
LET'S GO IN, BETTY! WE  
DON'T HAVE TO GO HOME  
AND FIX DINNER!...THE  
BOYS ARE GOING BOWLING  
AFTER WORK!

IF BARNEY FOUND  
OUT I HAD MY  
FORTUNE TOLD, I'D  
BE A LAUGHING-  
STOCK!



SAME WITH FRED!

I WONDER WHERE  
THE SWAMI IS?



GREETINGS! YOU LADIES CAME  
TO HAVE YOUR FORTUNES TOLD!

GEE, HE  
READ OUR  
MINDS  
ALREADY!



SWAMI YOGURT SEES ALL, IN HIS KING-SIZE  
CRYSTAL BALL! THE ONLY ONE WHO SEES  
YOUR FORTUNE IN CINEMASCOPE!



YOU WILL BOTH MEET  
TALL, DARK STRANGERS!  
YOU WILL BOTH HAVE  
GOOD LUCK THIS MONTH!





YOU WILL BOTH TAKE A LONG TRIP!  
(YAWN!) THIS IS PRETTY DULL, WILMA!



CAN'T YOU TELL US A LITTLE SOMETHING NEW,  
OR DIFFERENT? THAT TALL, DARK STRANGER  
STUFF IS AS OLD AS THE HILLS!



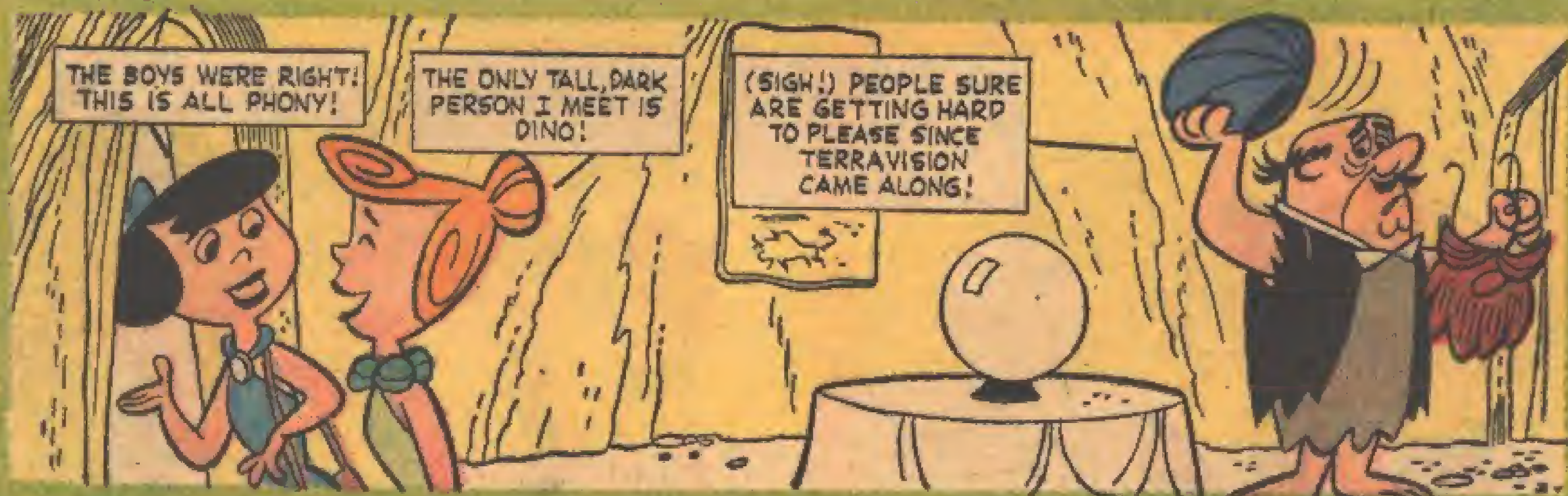
THIS FORTUNE WAS  
GOOD ENOUGH FOR  
THE LAST FIFTY  
CUSTOMERS! IT  
SHOULD BE GOOD  
ENOUGH FOR YOU!



THE BOYS WERE RIGHT!  
THIS IS ALL PHONY!

THE ONLY TALL, DARK  
PERSON I MEET IS  
DINO!

(SIGH!) PEOPLE SURE  
ARE GETTING HARD  
TO PLEASE SINCE  
TERRAVISION  
CAME ALONG!



DO THEY EXPECT ME TO REALLY  
SEE INTO THE FUTURE? MAYBE  
I SHOULD GET A NEW SPIEL!



BAH! I'M TAKING THE  
REST OF THE DAY OFF  
AND GOING BOWLING! I  
NEED THE RELAXATION!







LATER, AT THE BEDROCK BOWL...

HEH-HEH! THESE NEW RAINBOW BALLS ARE REALLY SOMETHING, AREN'T THEY?

THEY SURE ARE, FRED! EVERYBODY IS ADMIRING THEM! I JUST HOPE THE GIRLS DON'T FIND OUT!

YEAH! EVEN WILMA'S PICTURE WOULD SCOWL AT ME IF SHE FOUND OUT I SPENT MY SAVINGS FOR THIS NEW BALL!

AND I'D GET PLENTY OF TROUBLE FROM MY BETTY RUBBLE!

THOSE ARE THE WOMEN WHO WERE AT MY PLACE!

DON'T WORRY, PAL! WE'LL HIDE THEM IN MY TOOL SHED! THE GIRLS WILL NEVER KNOW!

THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK! I'LL CALL THAT BETTY RUBBLE, AND REALLY LOOK AS IF I CAN PREDICT THE FUTURE!

SWAMI YOGURT CALLS THE GIRLS, AND THEIR FEMALE CURIOSITY GETS THE BEST OF THEM...

YOU SAID YOU HAD A MESSAGE FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD! IS THIS A GAG?

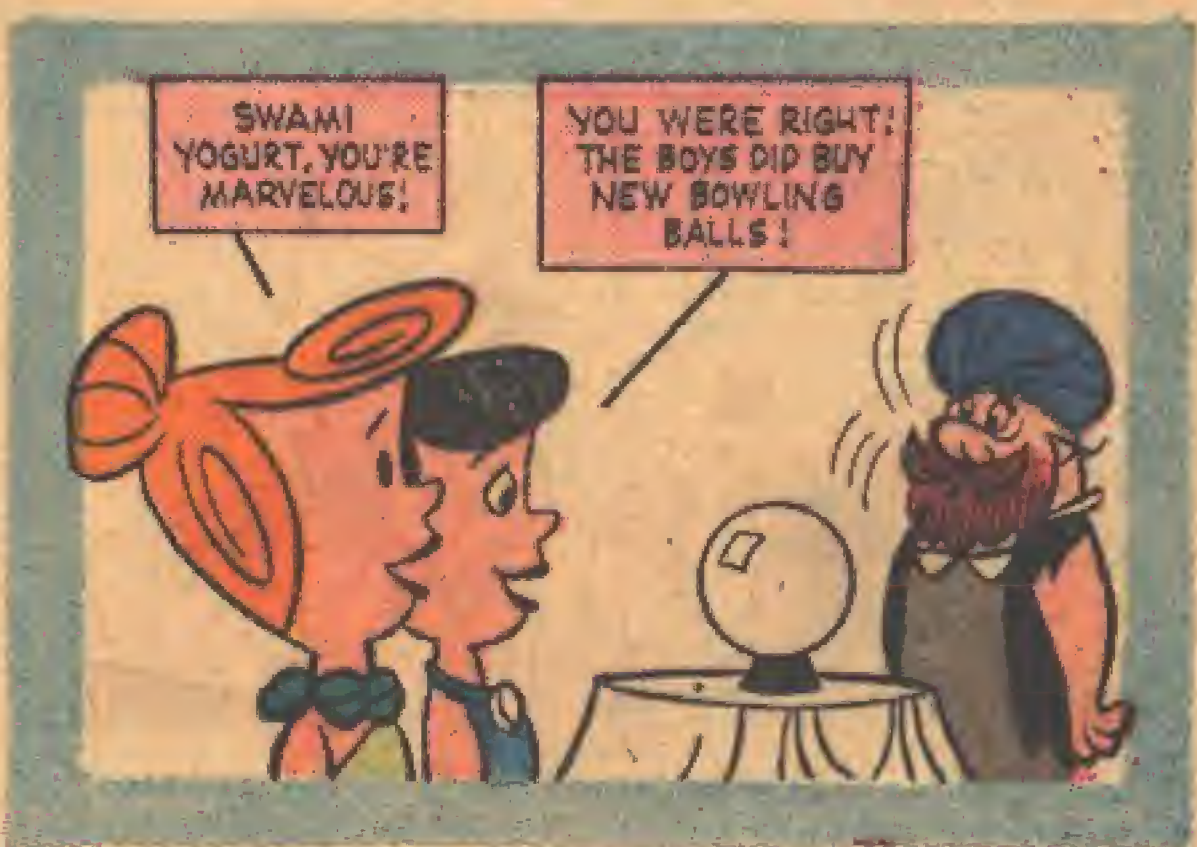
NO! AFTER YOU LEFT, SOME STRANGE IMAGES APPEARED IN THE CRYSTAL BALL!

THIS BETTER BE BETTER THAN THE LAST TIME!













PLEASE, LADIES! I WANT TO BE ALONE WITH THE SPIRITS!

OH, ALL RIGHT!

(ULP!) WAIT A MINUTE, FELLOWS! I CAN EXPLAIN...!

GRRR! IF THERE'S ONE THING I HATE, IT'S A STOOL PIGEON!



I'M JUST A REGULAR GUY, SEE? I OVERHEARD YOU WHILE YOU WERE BOWLING AND... YIPE!

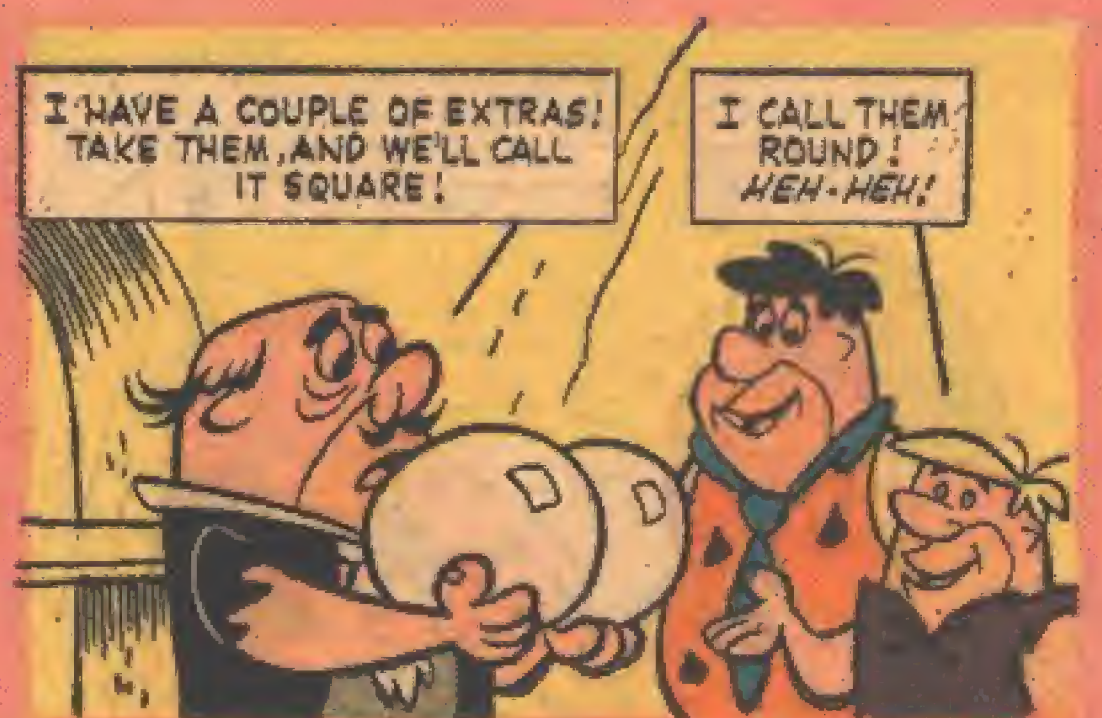
I'LL BOWL YOU OVER, YOU PHONY!

THUD!



NOT A BAD SHOT, FRED!

THAT CRYSTAL BALL WOULD FEEL PRETTY GOOD, WITH A COUPLE OF HOLES IN IT!



I HAVE A COUPLE OF EXTRAS! TAKE THEM, AND WE'LL CALL IT SQUARE!

I CALL THEM ROUND! HEH-HEH!



So...

WOW! THESE CRYSTAL BALLS GET MORE ATTENTION THAN THOSE RAINBOW ONES DID!

AND I SEE A STRIKE IN MY FUTURE! HEH-HEH!

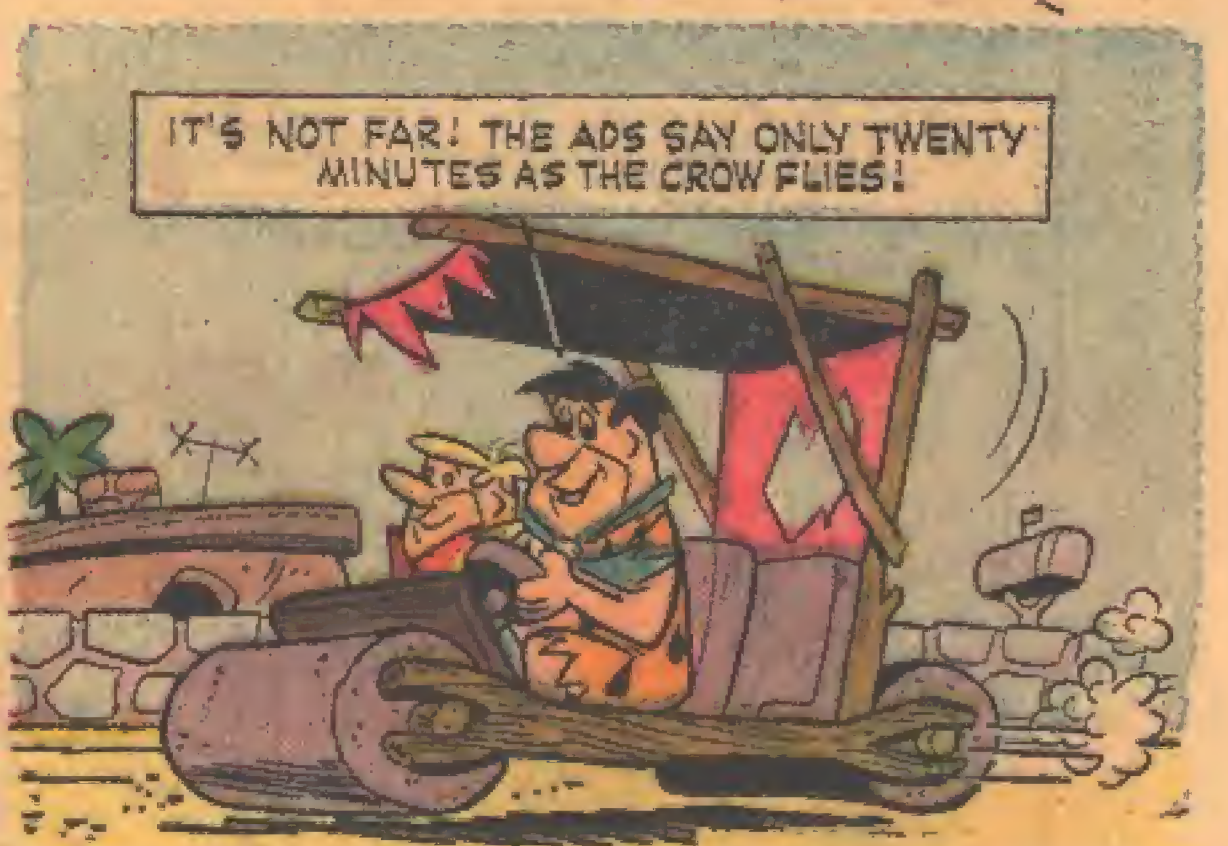
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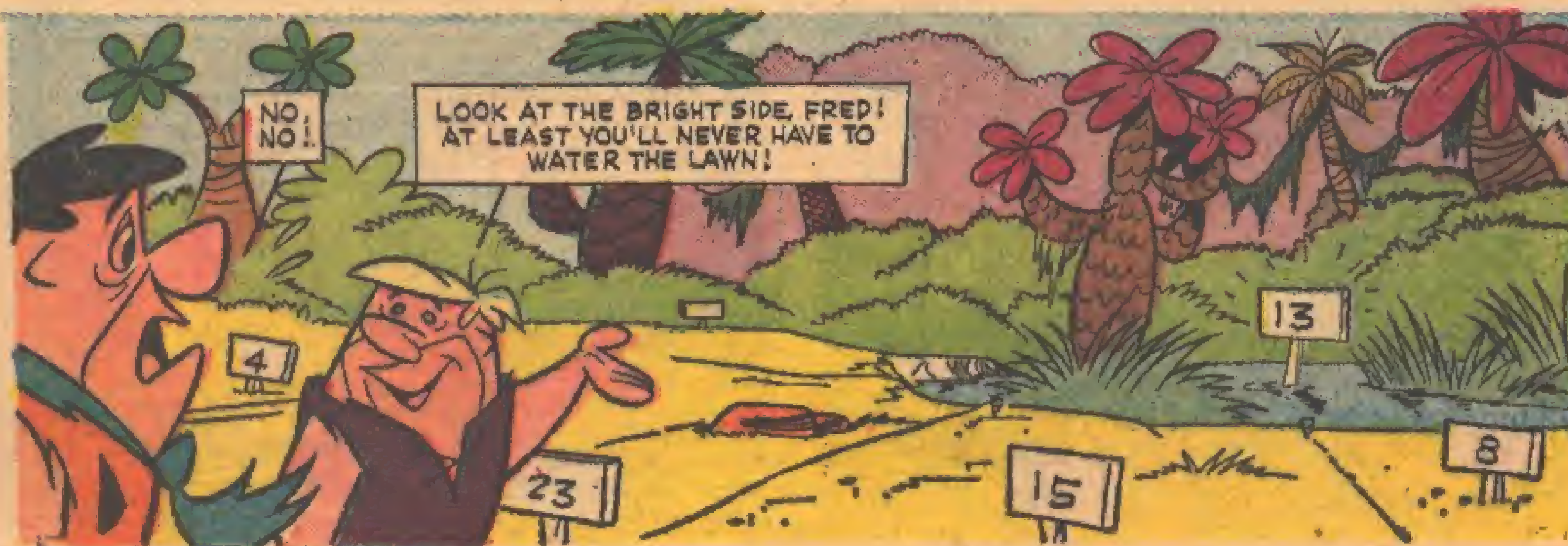
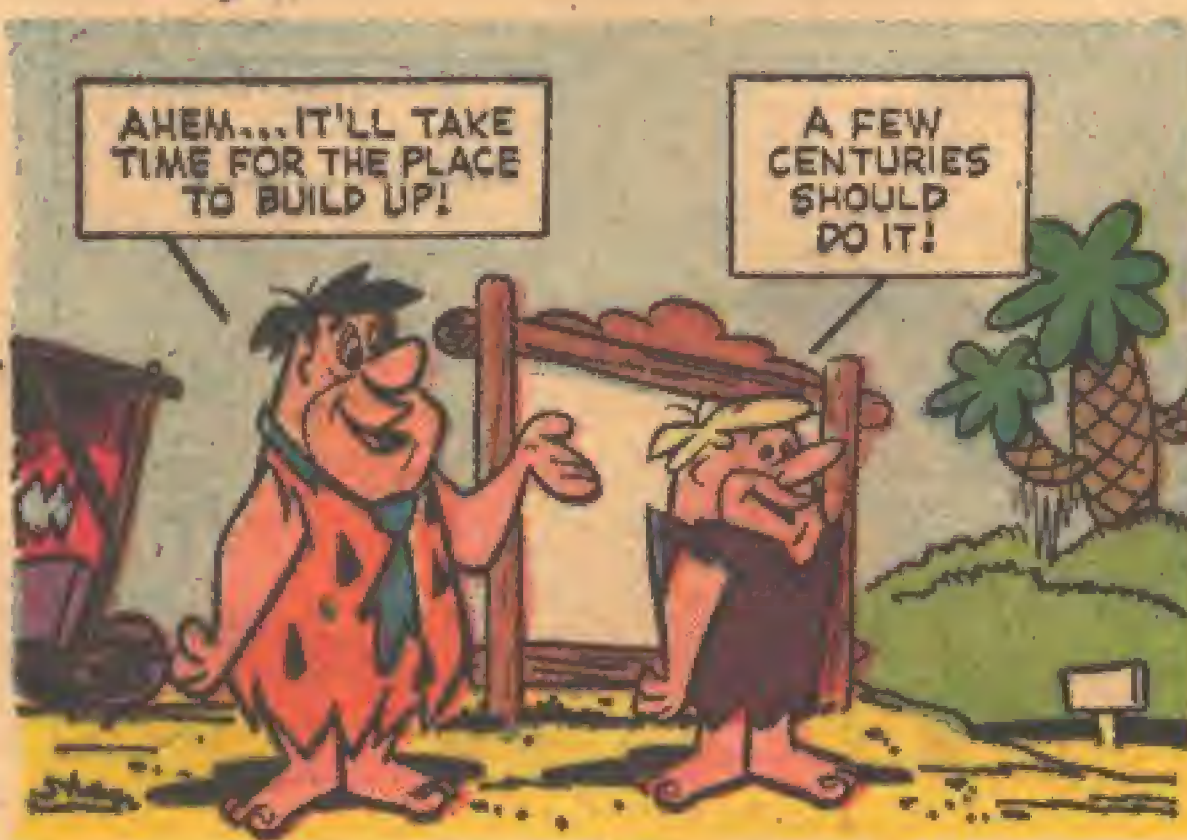
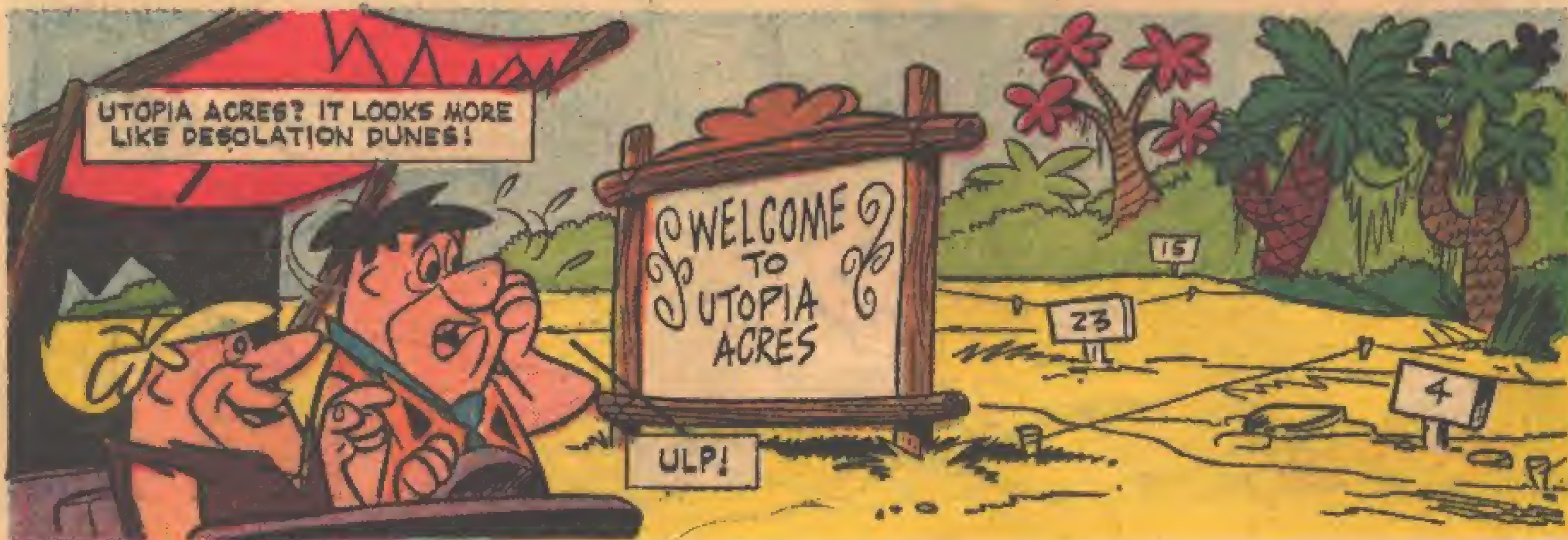
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# FOR LAND SAKES











GRRRR! "PUT YOUR MONEY IN LAND," THAT PHONY SAID! OHH, I COULD PUNCH HIM!



WAIT A MINUTE! IF YOU WANT TO GET YOUR MONEY BACK, BE AS CRAFTY AS THAT SALESMAN WAS! I HAVE AN IDEA!



SHORTLY...

(ULP!) MR. FLINTSTONE! IF YOU CAME TO MAKE TROUBLE ABOUT YOUR LOT, I'M WARNING YOU ... YOU CAN BE SUED FOR HITTING ME!

HITTING YOU?

PUT YOUR MONEY IN LAND



NONSENSE! WE'LL SETTLE THIS LIKE SENSIBLE MEN! I BROUGHT MY LAWYER!

YOUR LAWYER?



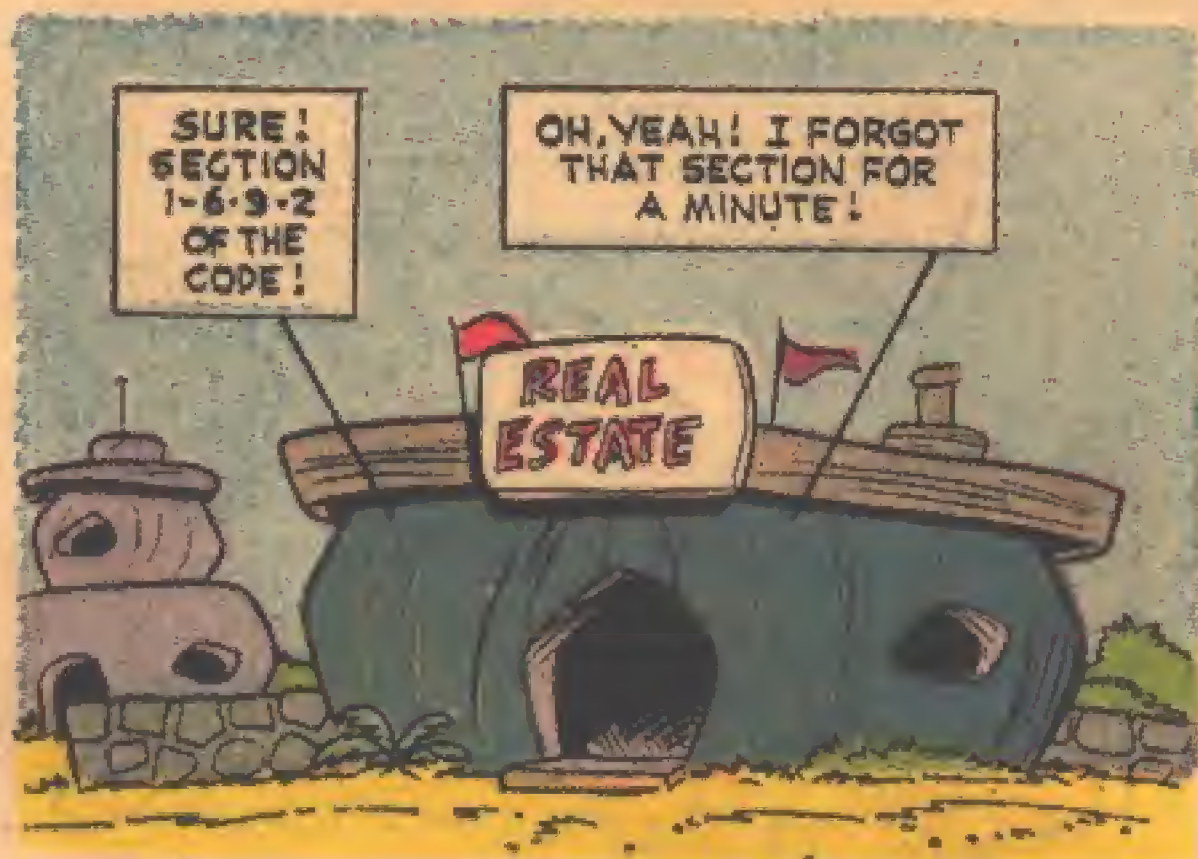
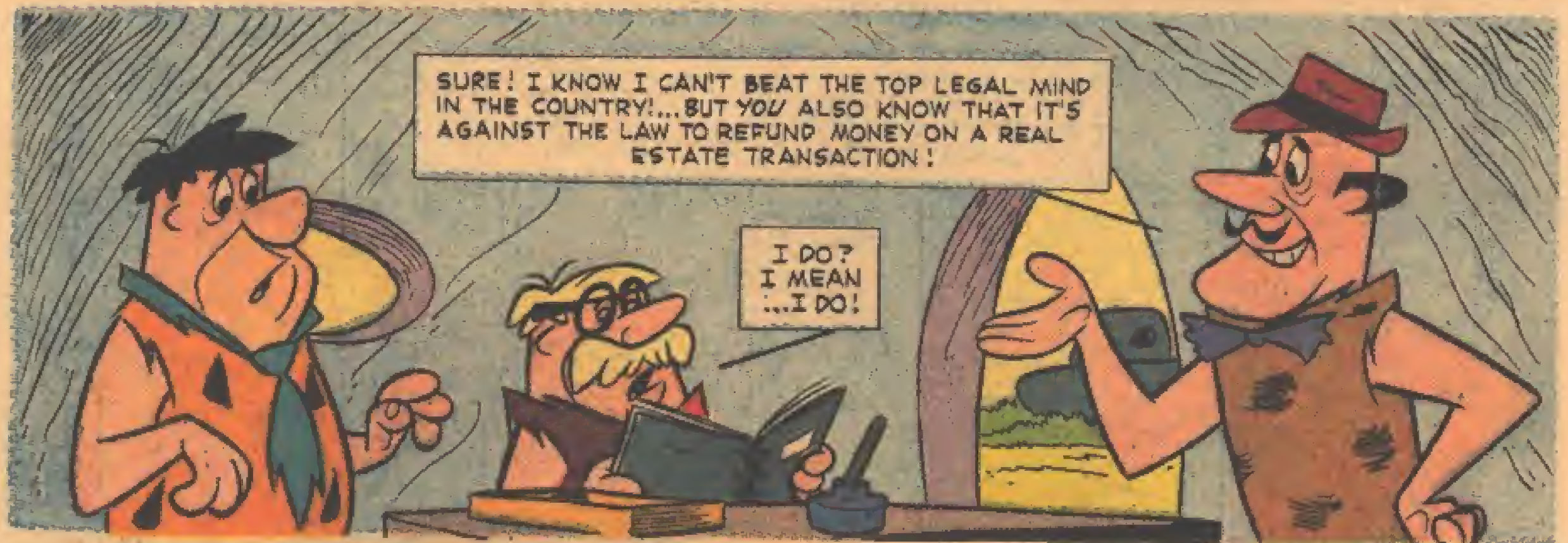
GREETINGS, PARTY OF THE SECOND PART! I'M HERE TO REPRESENT THE PARTY OF THE FIRST PART!



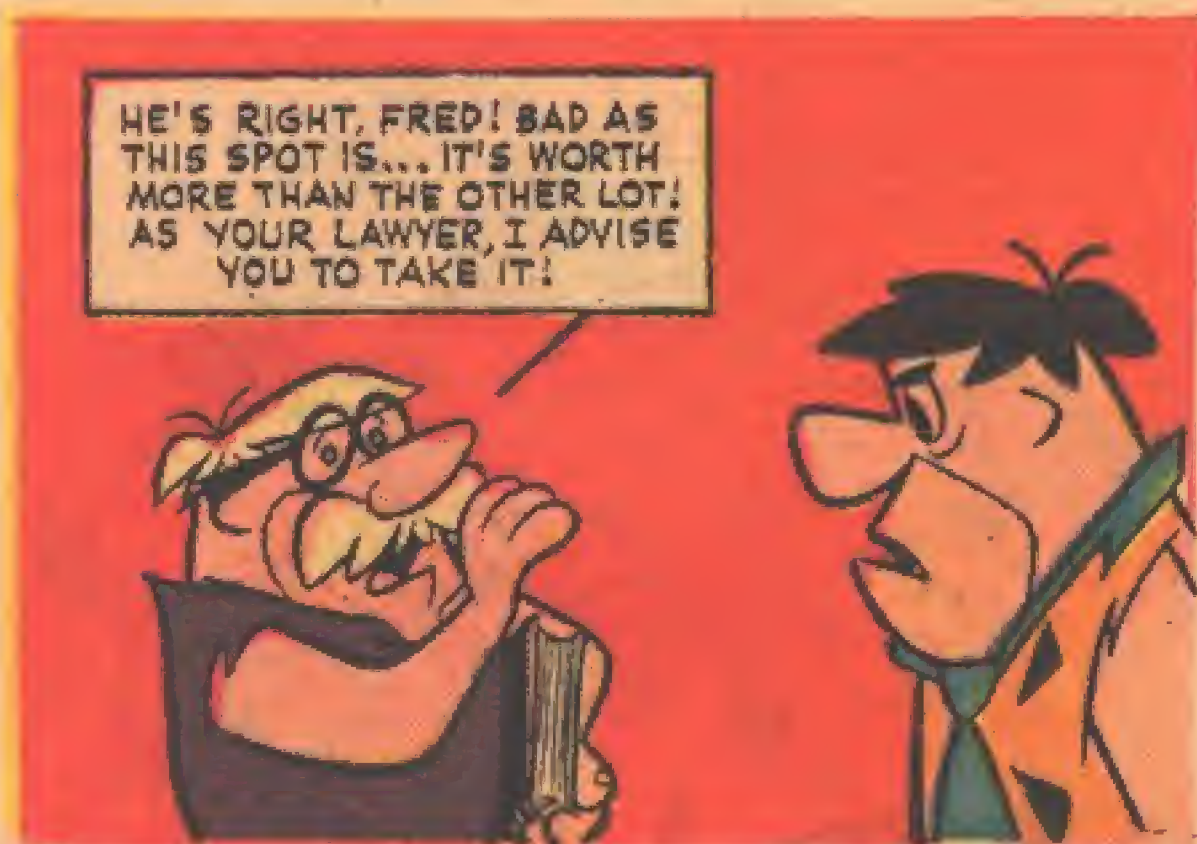
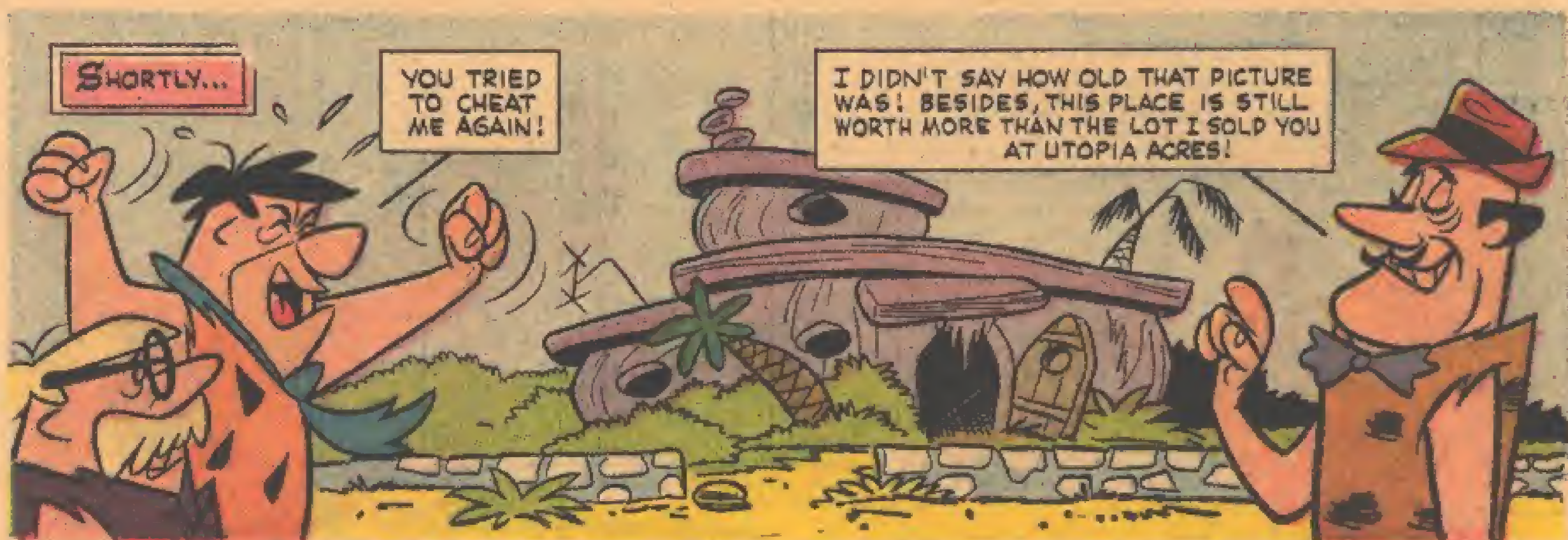
ACCORDING TO SECTION 6 7/8 OF THE NEWLY REVISED STANDARD, LEGALISTIC MUMBO JUMBO HANDBOOK, YOU DEFRAUDED, DEFUNDED, AND DETESTED MY CLIENT! IN THE CASE OF TINKEHOFF VERSUS MUCKRACK ... BLAH... BLAH... BLAH...

PUT YOUR MONEY IN LAND

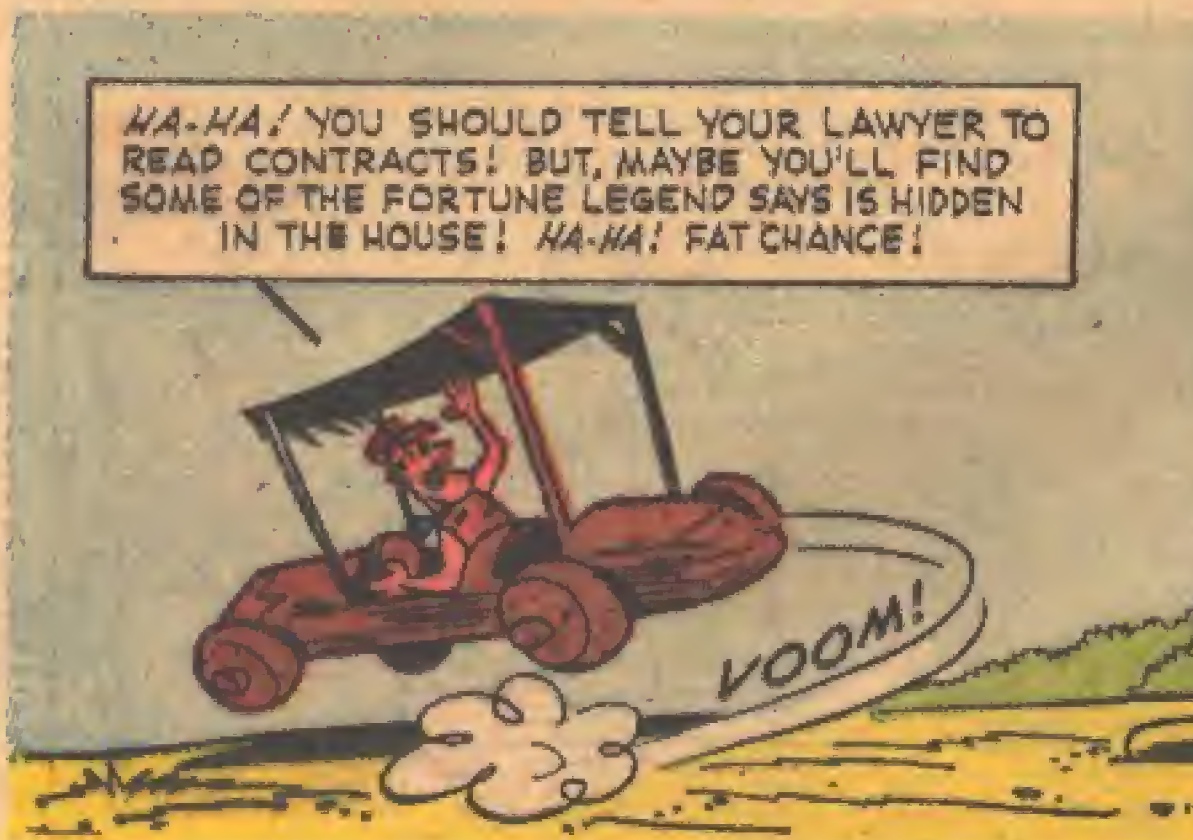
















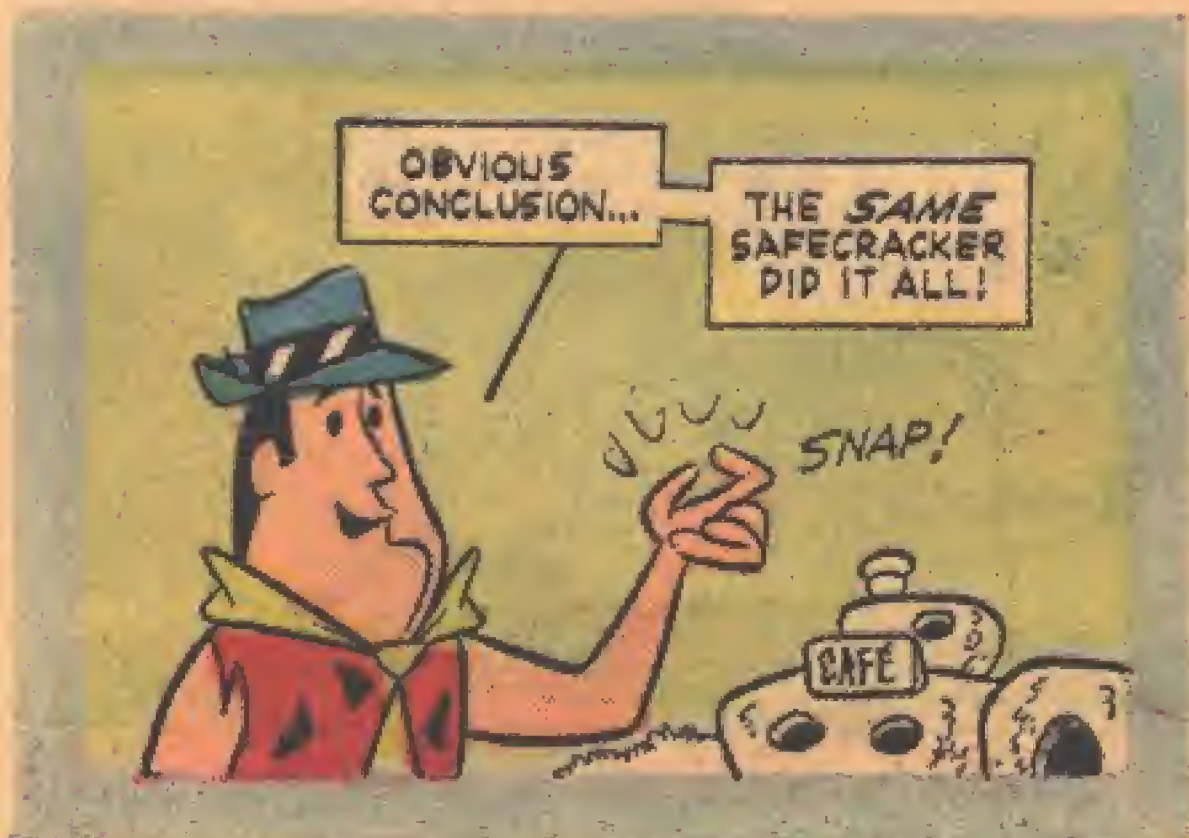




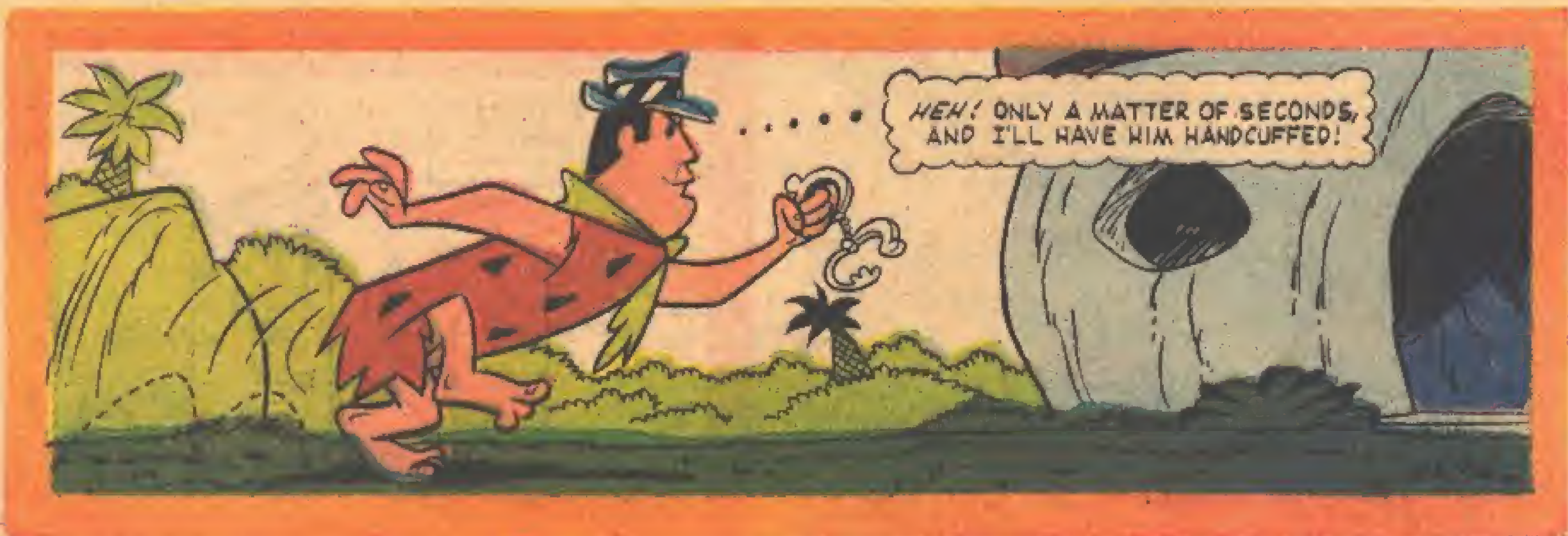
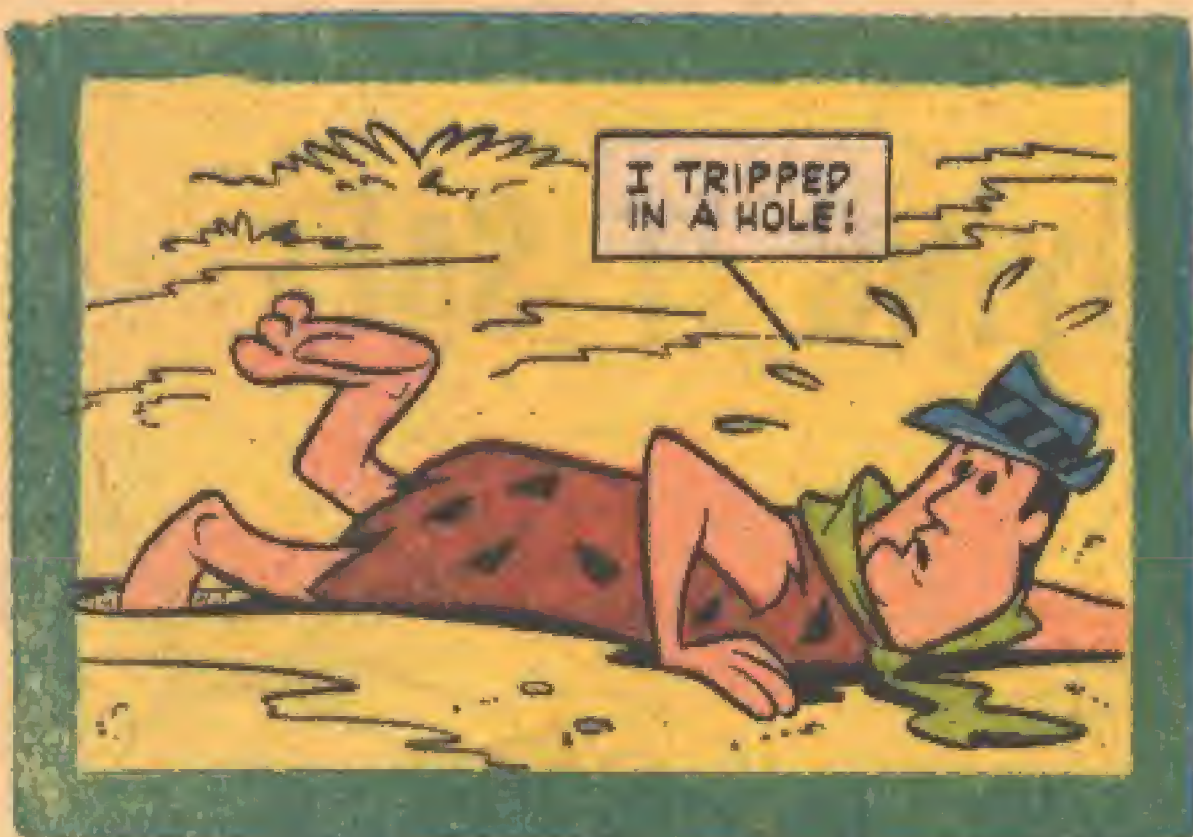


Hanna-Barbera  
**PERRY GUNNITE**

# PLAYING IT SAFE











ATTENTION, CLASS...

... CLASS!?



OH, NO! ONE PAIR OF HANDCUFFS WON'T GO FAR HERE!



TURN IN YOUR HOMEWORK TO TEACHER!

YEAH!

SURE!

UH-HUH!



TSK! I WAS WRONG! IT WASN'T ONE SAFECRACKER, BUT THREE AT WORK LAST NIGHT!



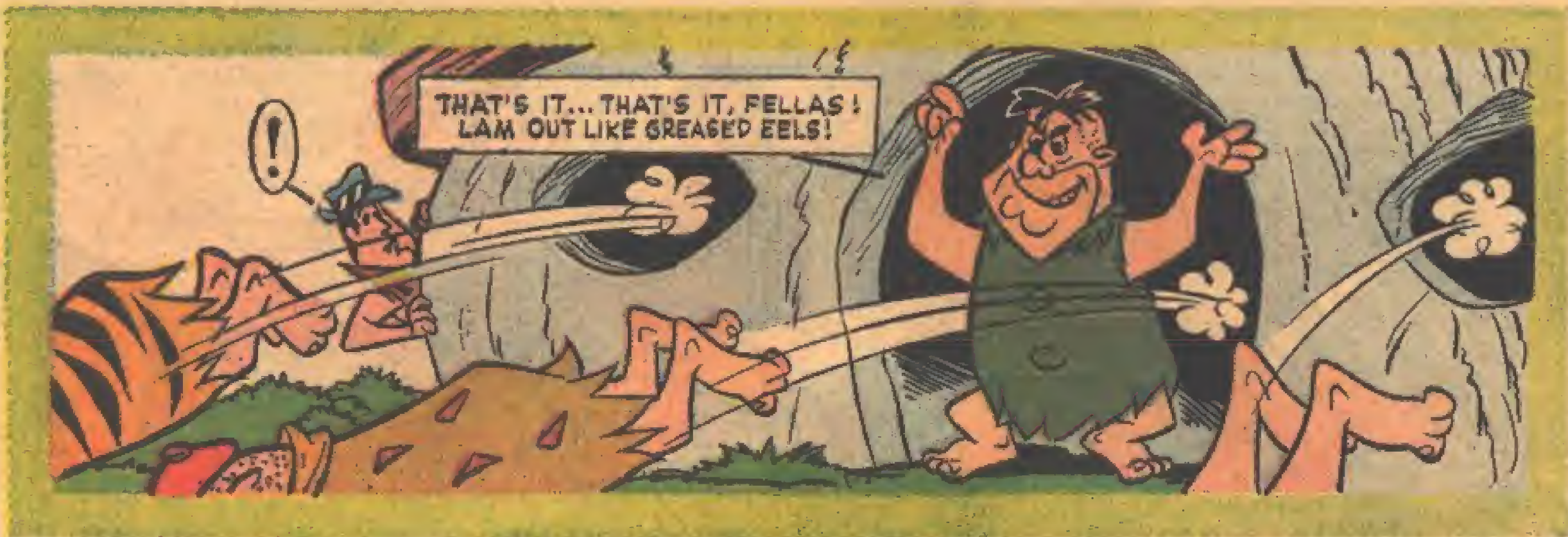
THEIR METHODS WERE THE SAME BECAUSE THEY LEARNED THEM AT (GULP!) SAFECRACKER'S SCHOOL!



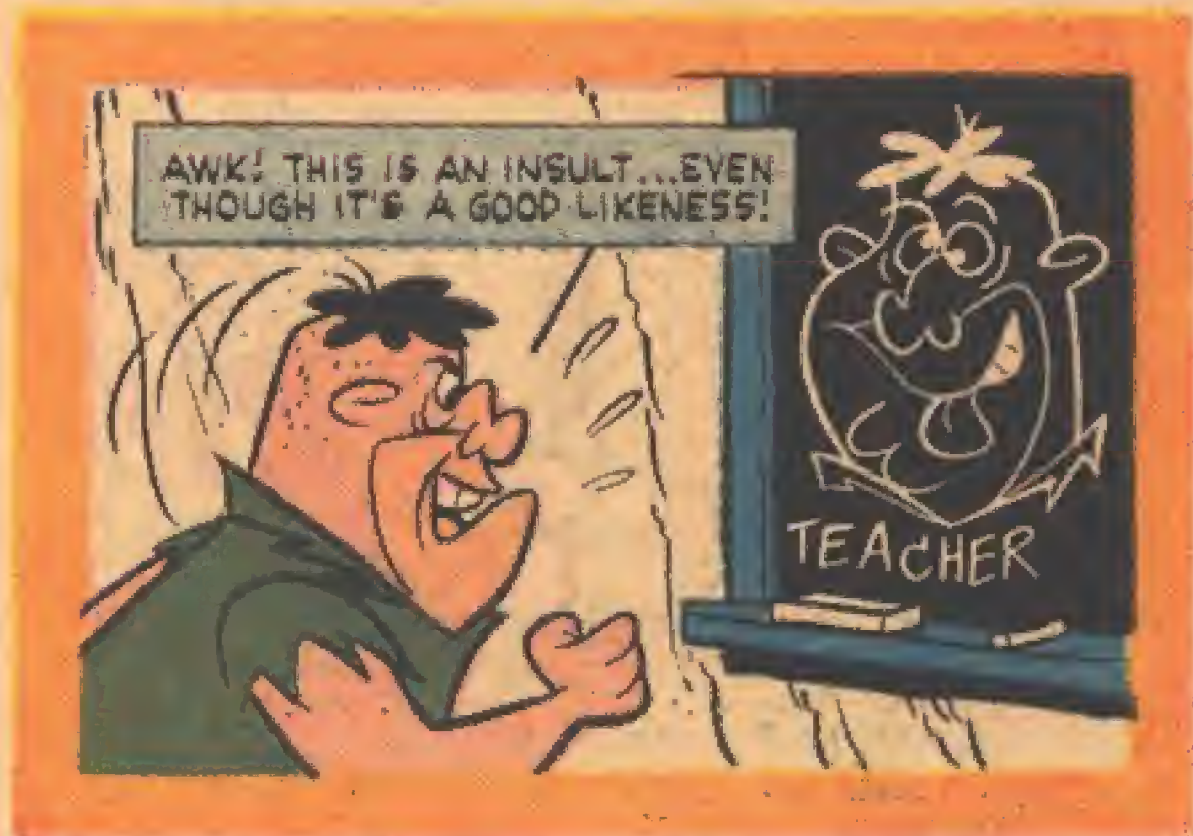
NOW, TODAY'S LESSON... OPENING JUMBO-SIZE SAFES BY LISTENING TO THE TUMBLERS TUMBLE...

GOSH, I'M NO MATCH FOR ALL OF THOSE TOUGHIES!

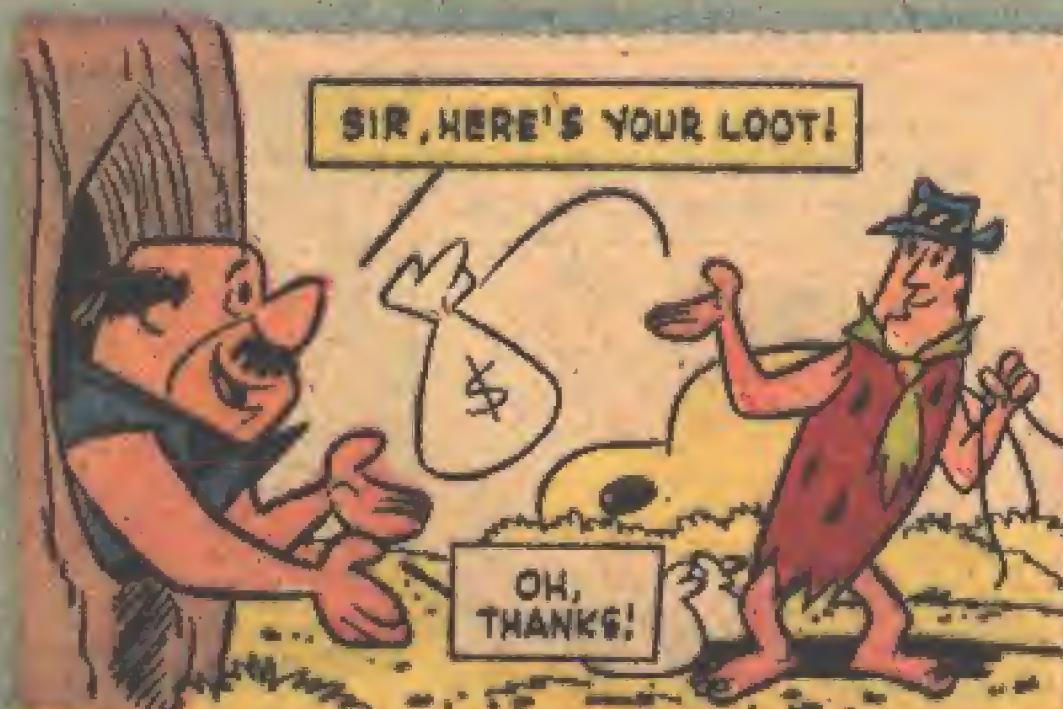
















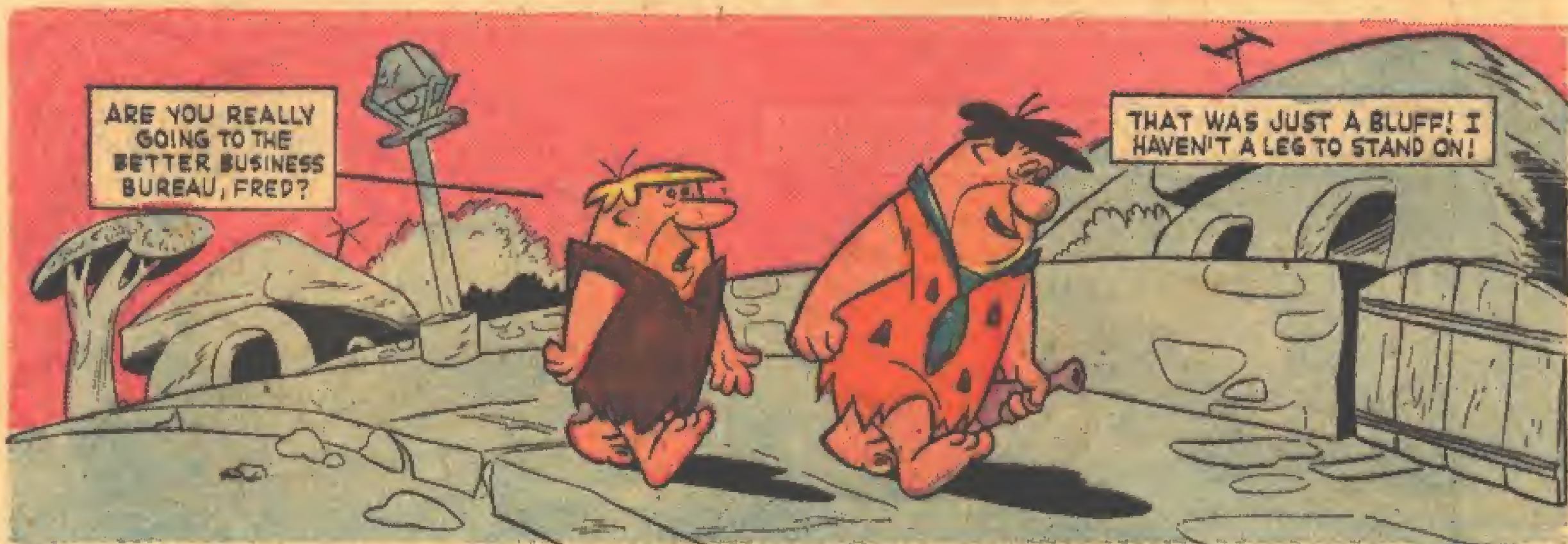












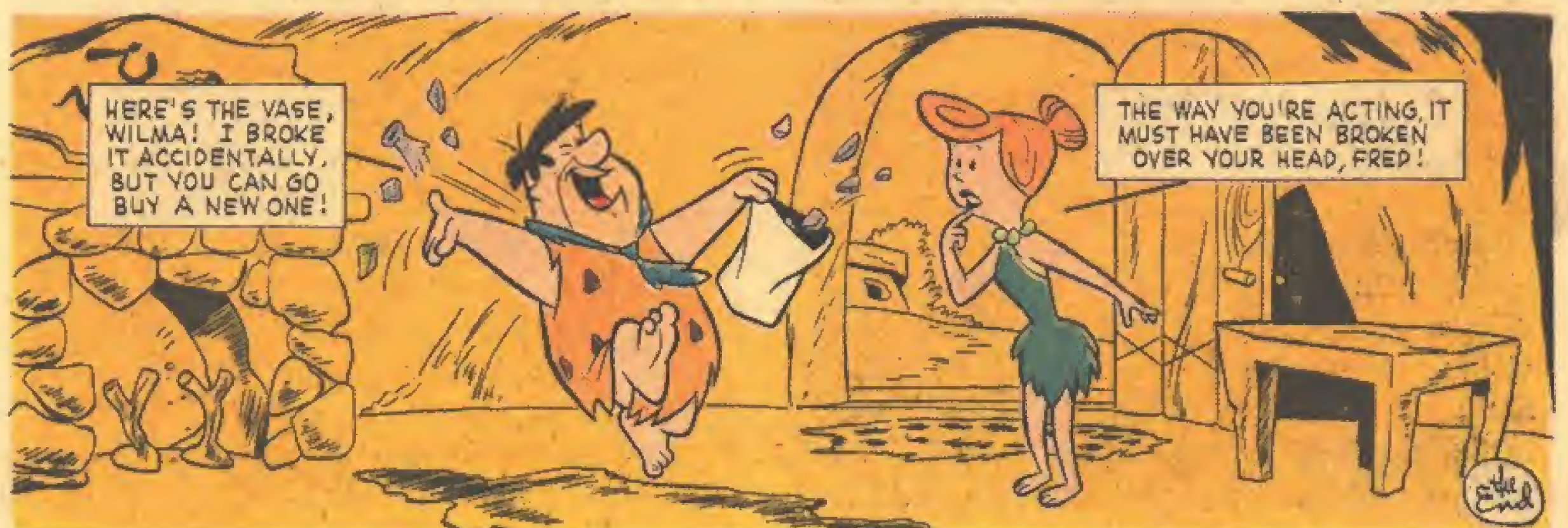
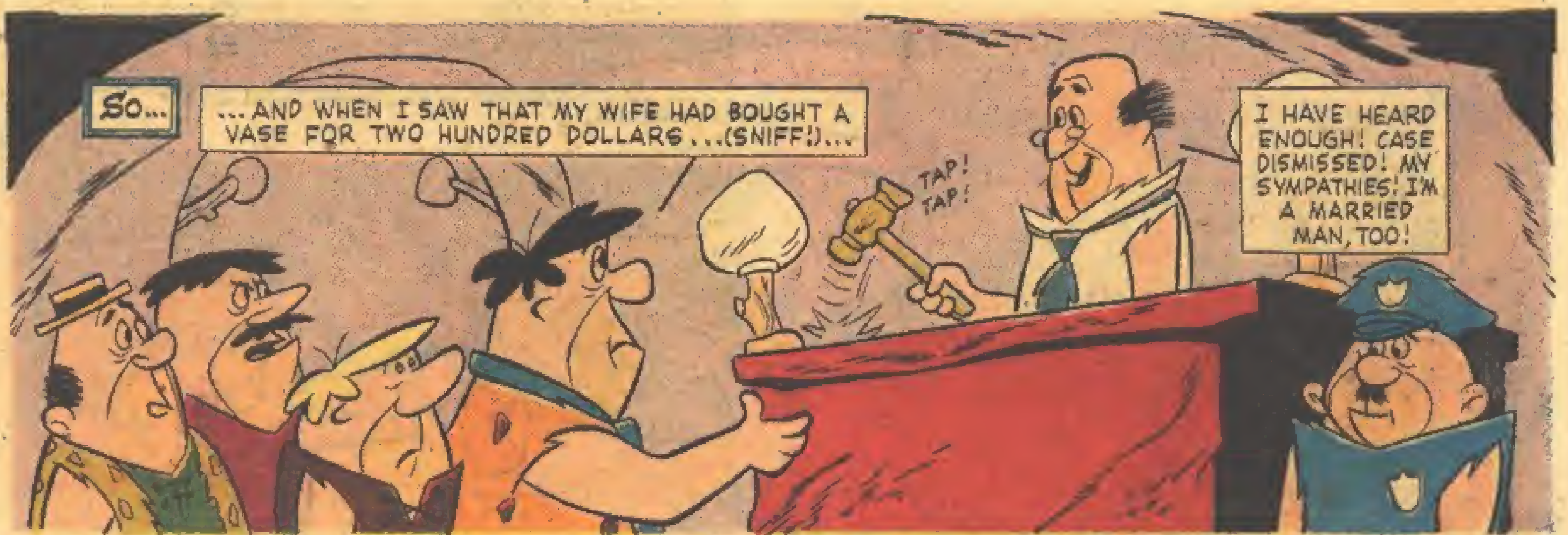














# To Beat, or Not To Beat



Rodney Rocktop, Bedrock's biggest beatnik, sat in his seat of honor at the Purple Zen Den coffee house. He was proud of his chair: the only one there with all four legs.

The Purple Zen Den was a dangerous place — not because of the beatniks, but because of the falling plaster, rotting floor and slipping foundation. (The city plans to tear it down and build a slum some day.)

Nevertheless, it was home to Rodney; so as he sat idly peeling off wallpaper with one hand, braiding his beard with the other, and playing the bongoes with his toes, he felt choked with emotion. He felt even more choked when he paid for his thimble full of Café Espresso.

"Man, this place is a real gas," Rodney said with a shiver. "Now like, I wish they'd turn some on. Like, my toes are freezing!"

"Yeah, man," Twitchy Itchy, Rodney's best beat buddy said profoundly. "Yeah, man."

"Why are we complaining? At least we're not out in the ugly world working," Rod added.

"Yeah, man," Twitchy replied, scratching. (As you may have guessed, Twitchy is Rodney's "yeah" man.)

So, here these two poetic souls were, enjoying their lives, doing the job they dedicated themselves to doing . . . absolutely nothing, when Rod was suddenly shaken to the tips of his dirty fingernails as SHE walked in!

Her name was Citronella Klotz. She was a vision of loveliness as she stood there in the flickering light of a fire an angry customer had started at table three. She had everything a man could want . . . big muscles, a nice mus-

tache . . . her hair was done up neatly in a bun, with the hamburger still in it. She had a huge lower lip, but it didn't matter . . . her upper lip covered it.

As Rodney gazed at her standing in her open-toed sneakers, overalls and YMCA sweat shirt, he could contain himself no longer. Leaping from his chair he ran to her side, his bones creaking after weeks of not moving.

"O wondrous beauty, creature of perfection," he declared, grabbing her hand, "will you send my humble soul soaring and be mine?"

Citronella's lips parted, and she said in her sweet and simple way (mostly simple), "What are you? Some kinda nut or something?"

Rodney fell back in ecstasy.

"She spoke to me! Did you hear that, Twitchy? She spoke to me!"

"Yeah, man," Twitchy replied, quickly downing Rodney's cup of Café Espresso while his back was turned. "Yeah, man."

Rodney began tugging his new dream girl back to his table. It wasn't easy. She outweighed him by two hundred pounds.

"Oh, please join me. I'll give you the moon. I'll give you the stars," he beseeched.

"Will you give me a chocklit malt?" she asked, picking her teeth gracefully.

This, Rodney had to think over. Eagerly he pushed her into his chair. A splintering and sickening crash filled the room. There were no chairs left at the Purple Zen Den with all four legs.

Rodney, always a gentleman, quickly sat on the floor next to Citronella.



"In Japan, all people sit this way," he said merrily.

"Maybe that's why they lost the war, you big drip. Say, you made me swallow my bubble gum," Citronella gasped, with a touch of pique in her voice, "and it was only three weeks old!"

Angrily, she started to get up and leave, but Rodney restrained her gently with a full nelson.

"Like, don't go," he pleaded. "We were meant to be together. Something guided you to this place." He lowered his voice for emphasis. "Something bigger than both of us."

"Yeah. A bus," was her sweet reply.\*

"No," Rodney protested. "I mean you were seeking something. You were seeking love, or you were seeking truth, or . . ."

Citronella interrupted, "Look, loose lips, the only thing I was seeking in here was some old stones to sell to the junk yard. This place looked like a condemned building from outside, so I thought I'd come in and root around. I'm sorry I did. What a bunch of creeps. They all look like barber college rejects."

"But, dearest, these are my friends," Rod said.

"Um-hmm, I'll bet you could count your friends on the fingers of a catcher's mitt . . . and, who said you could call me dearest? You're not my type. You're broke."

Rodney jumped to his feet exclaiming, "You mean you would let mere money stand between us? You mean you won't accept me unless I have a . . . ough . . . job?"

"Right, Charley," Citronella replied, rubbing her hands together. "Money doesn't buy happiness, but it puts you in a wonderful bargaining position. If you can't take it with you, I'm not going."

"Like, it's settled," Rodney declared, as he expanded his chest to its full sixteen inches. "I'm getting a job!"

For the first time in his life, Twitchy Itchy stopped twitching and itching. His face turned pale and he uttered something he had never uttered before or since.

"No, man! No, man!"

But Rodney's mind was made up. (What it was made up of is a matter for psychology books and not for us to explore.) Grabbing

Citronella's hand he made his way through the booing beats and out the door.

Unaccustomed as he was to sunlight, Rodney managed to open both his eyes and stare into Citronella's. Tears were brimming in her eyes, the blue one and the brown one. Rod had had onions for lunch.

Then he made the vow.

"I will find employment in this hostile world and then seek you out to be mine," he declared fervently.

"Seek, shmeek. If you find a job and can afford to buy me chocklit malts and garlic toast and stuff like that, I'll be glad to go out with you. I'm staying at the Bedrock Kennel Club. See ya'." And with that, she tripped off lightly. (As lightly as possible for a three hundred pounder, that is.)

The next days were not easy ones for our hero, Rodney. He went from pillar to post to look for jobs, but there just weren't any jobs around pillars and posts; so he finally tried some stores and offices.

He didn't want just any job. He wanted a job that would fit in with his character.

He tried working at a bakery cutting out brownie squares. But that was too square, so he cut out permanently.

He tried dragging sacks of cement for the Bedrock Building Company. But that was too much of a drag.

He tried working down in a coal mine, but that wasn't "far out" enough for our Rodney.

"What am I going to do, Twitchy?" Rodney asked, as they sat in the park. (Since he started looking for a job he was no longer permitted in the Purple Zen Den. Bad for the morale of the other beats.) "I can't live without Citronella. I must find a job that suits my particular genius. I must find a cool job. Like, being cool is even more important than Citronella. What do you suggest, man?"

"Yeah, man," said Twitchy. "Yeah, man."

Rodney leaped to his feet. "That's it! I know where I'll get a job!"

And so, our story has a happy ending. Rod found a cool job and Citronella truly loves him . . . on payday.

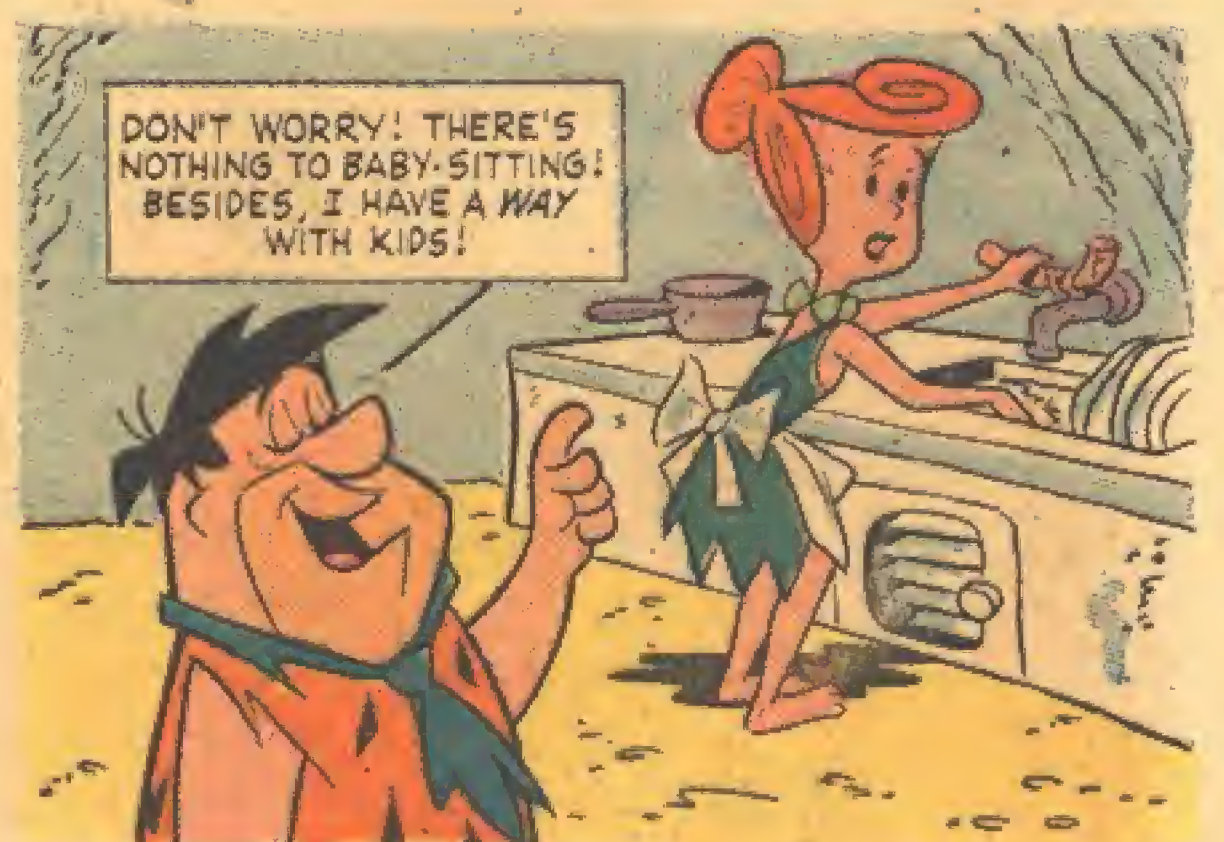
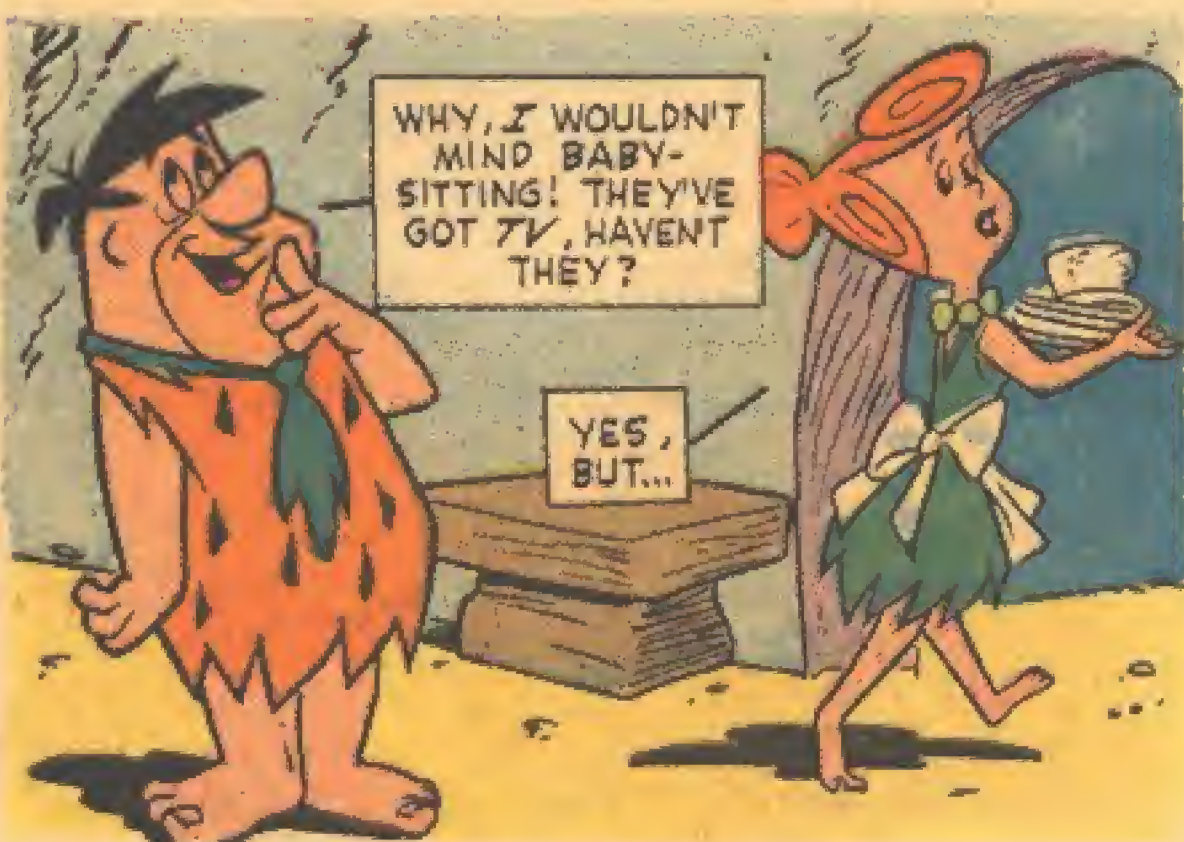
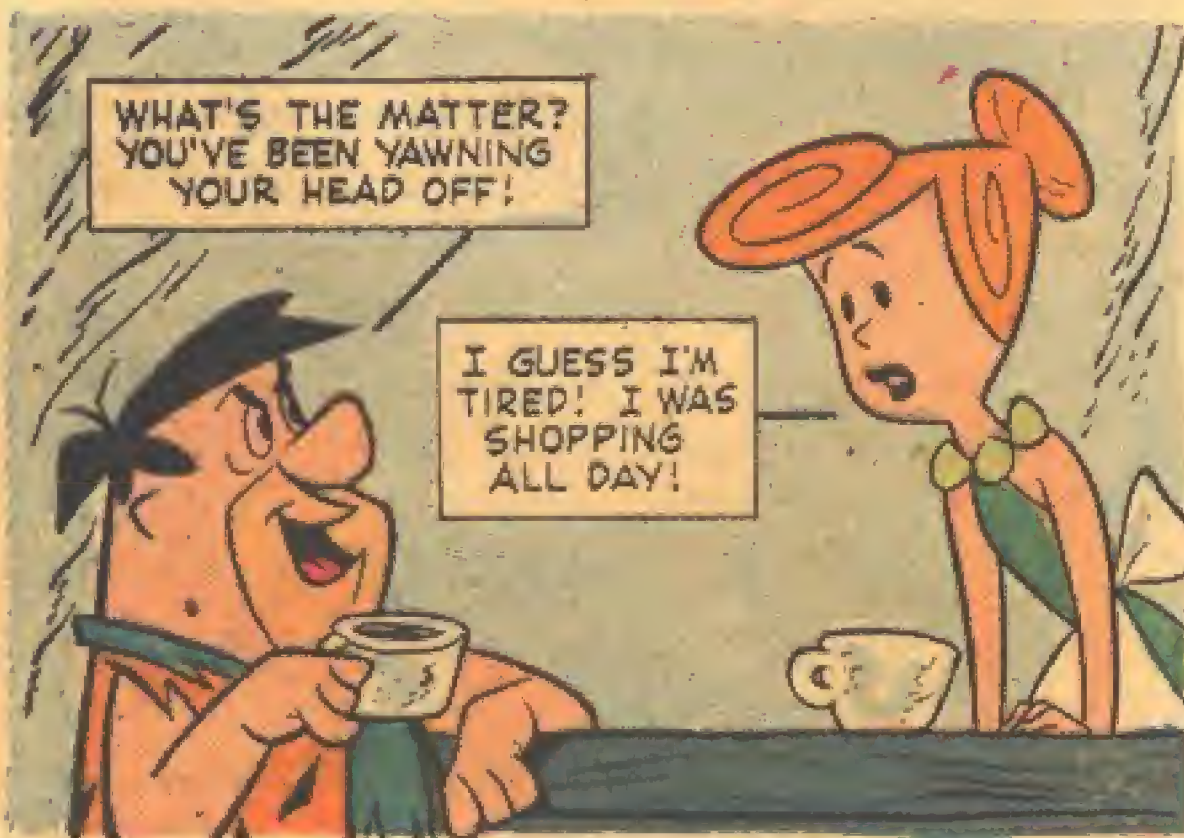
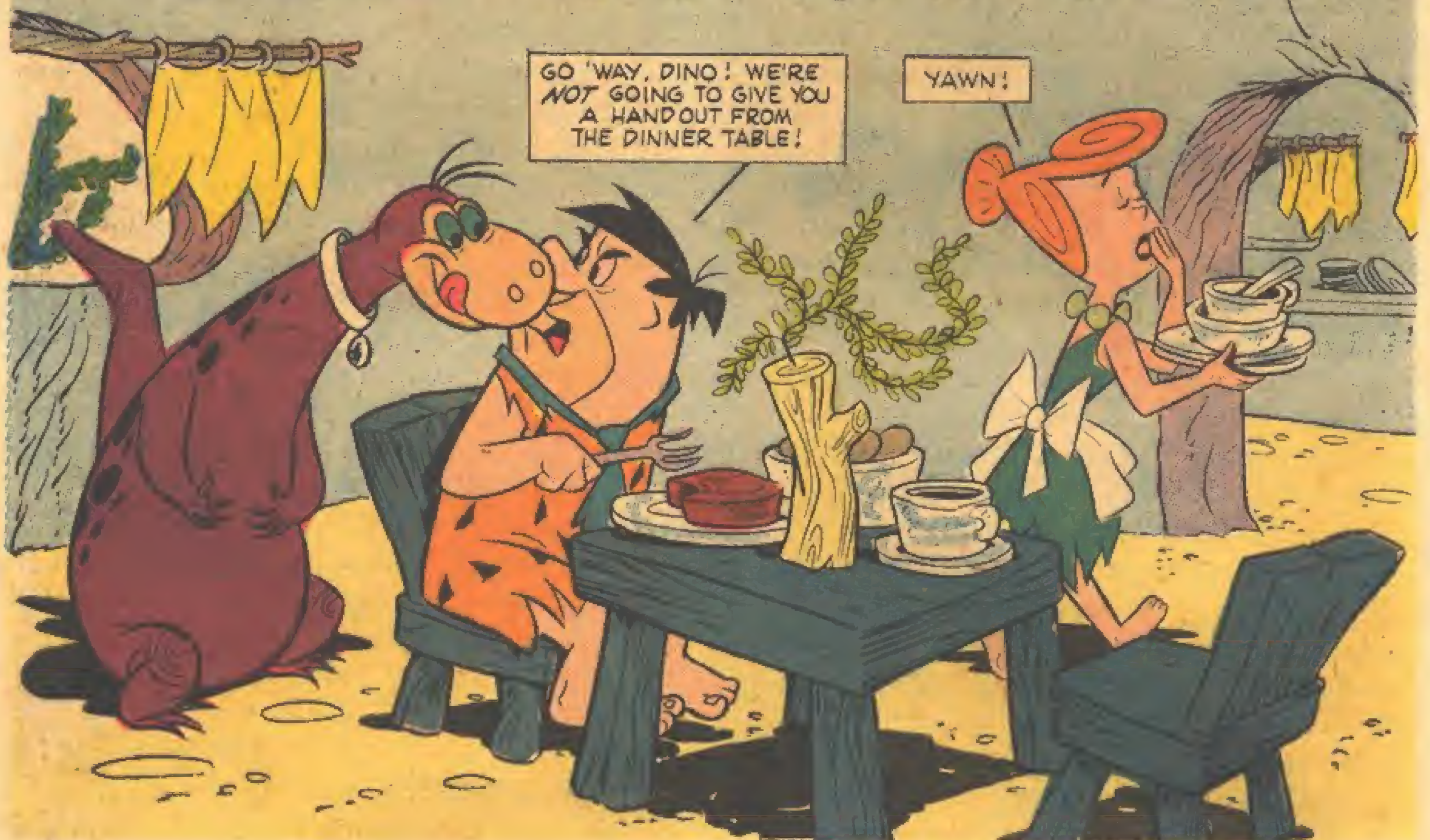
Where did Rodney Rocktop go to work? At the Bedrock Ice Plant . . . where it was "Cool, man. Real cool."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Actually no bus is bigger than Citronella Klotz)

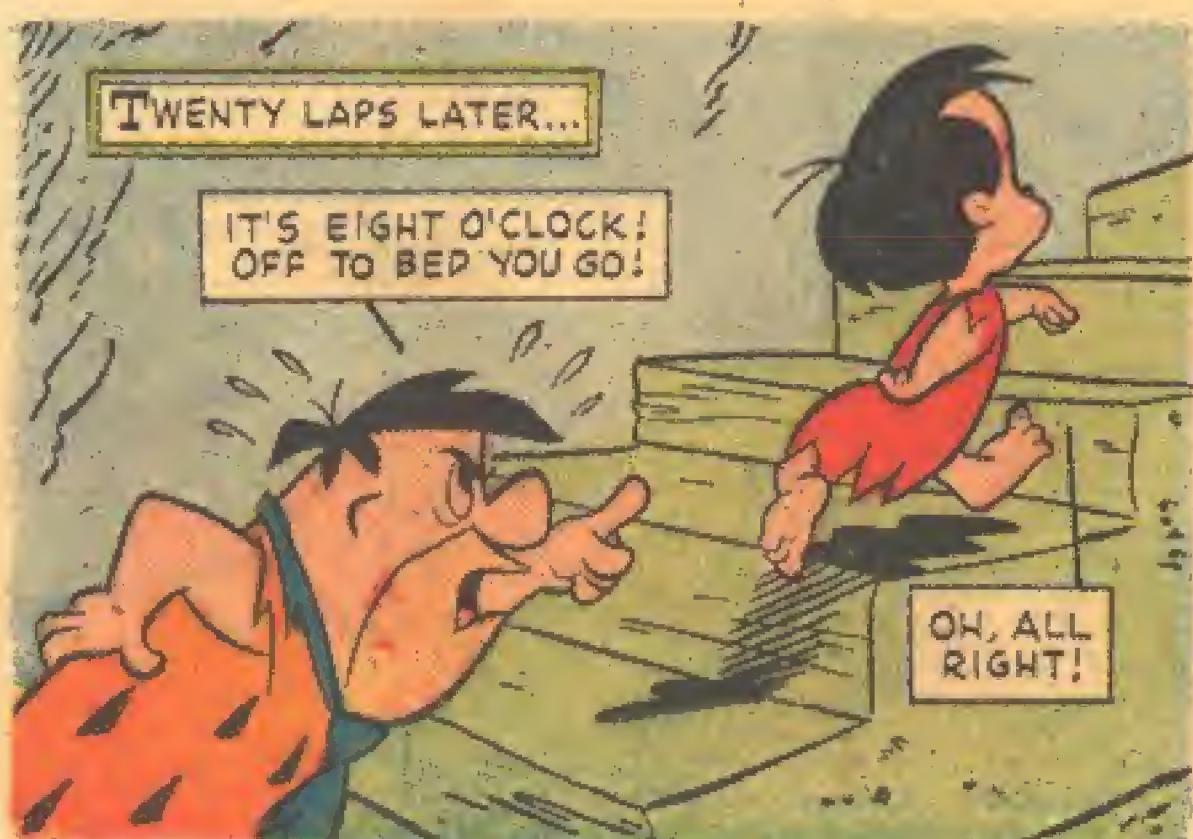
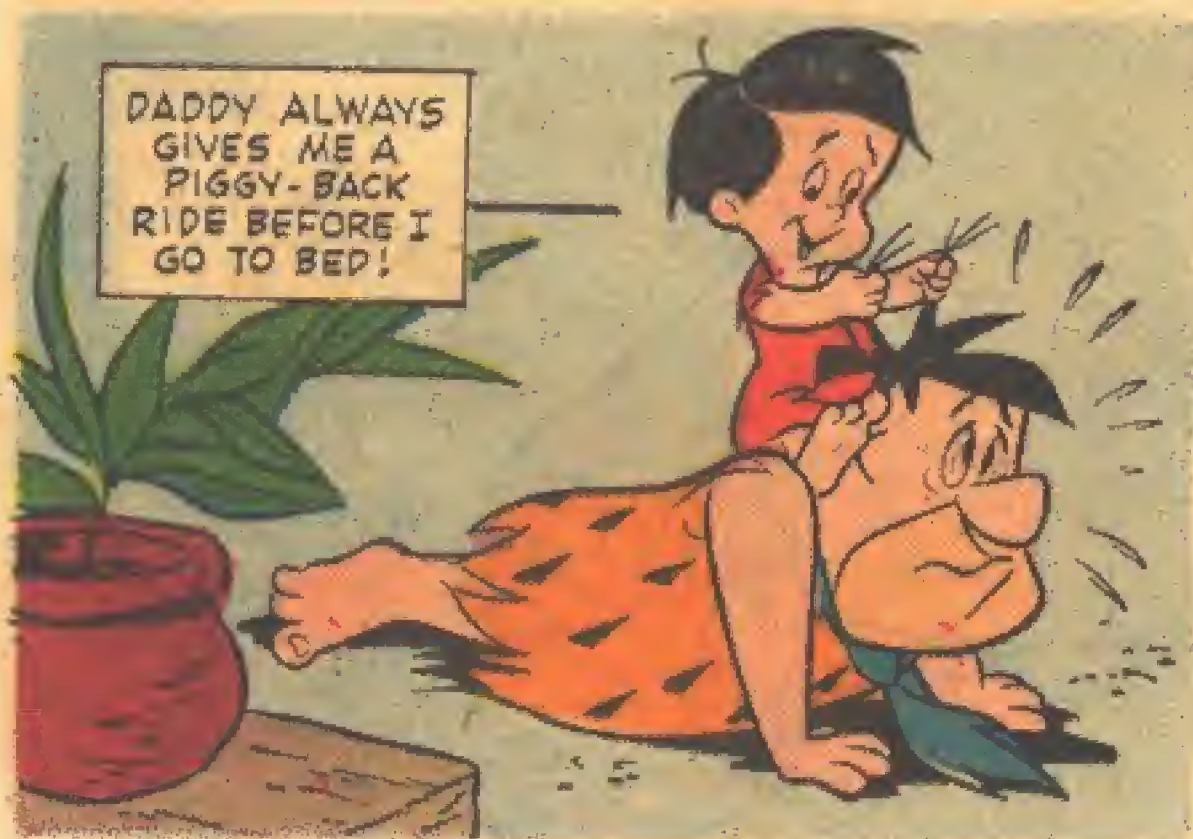


Hanna-Barbera  
the **FLINTSTONES**

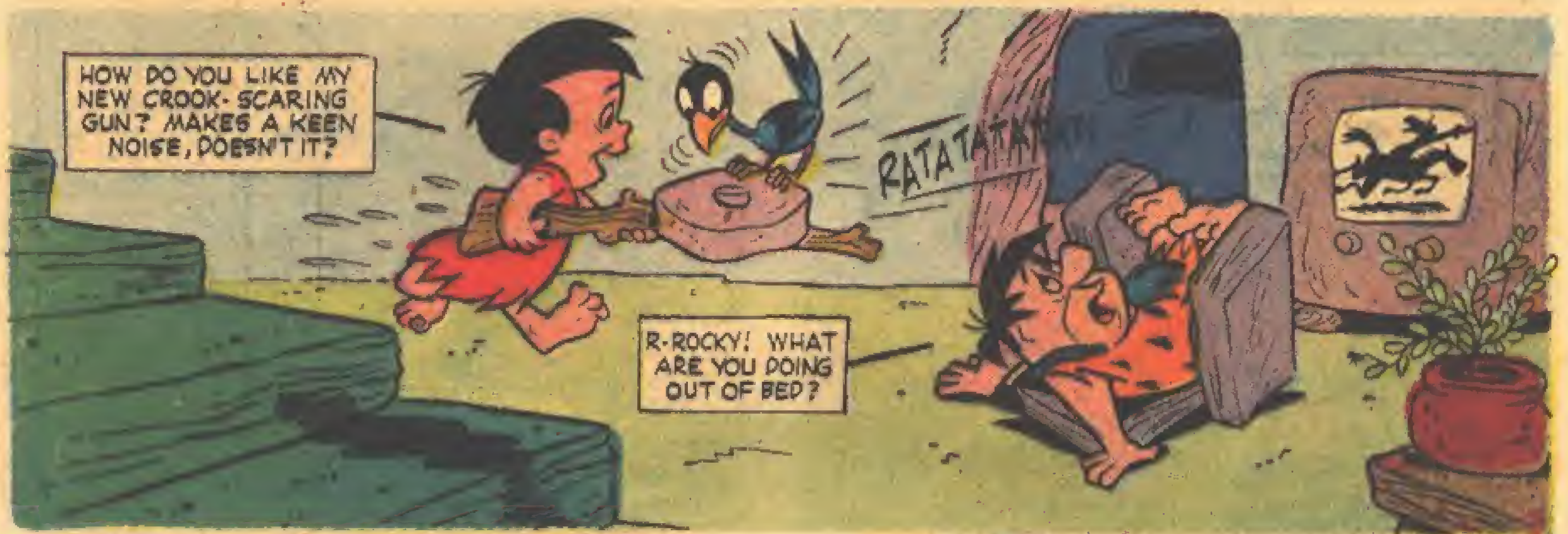
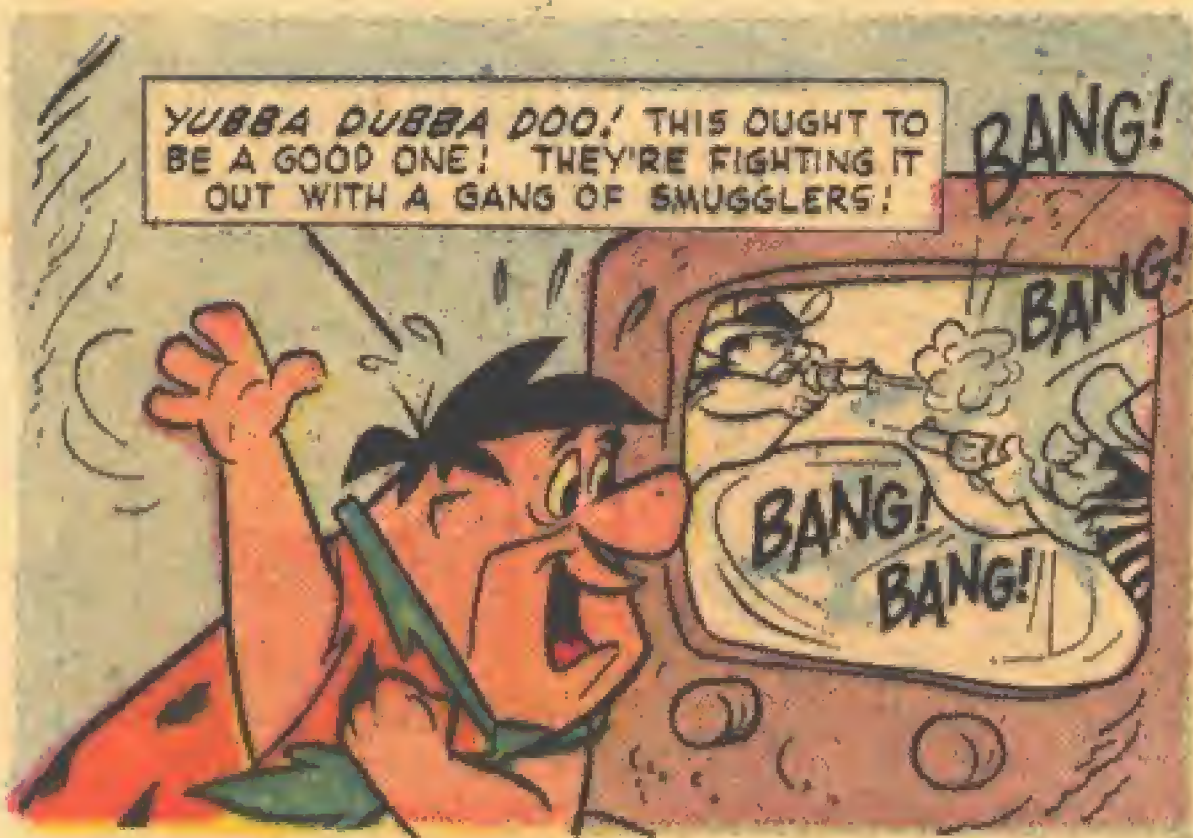
# BEDDY-BYE AT BEDROCK



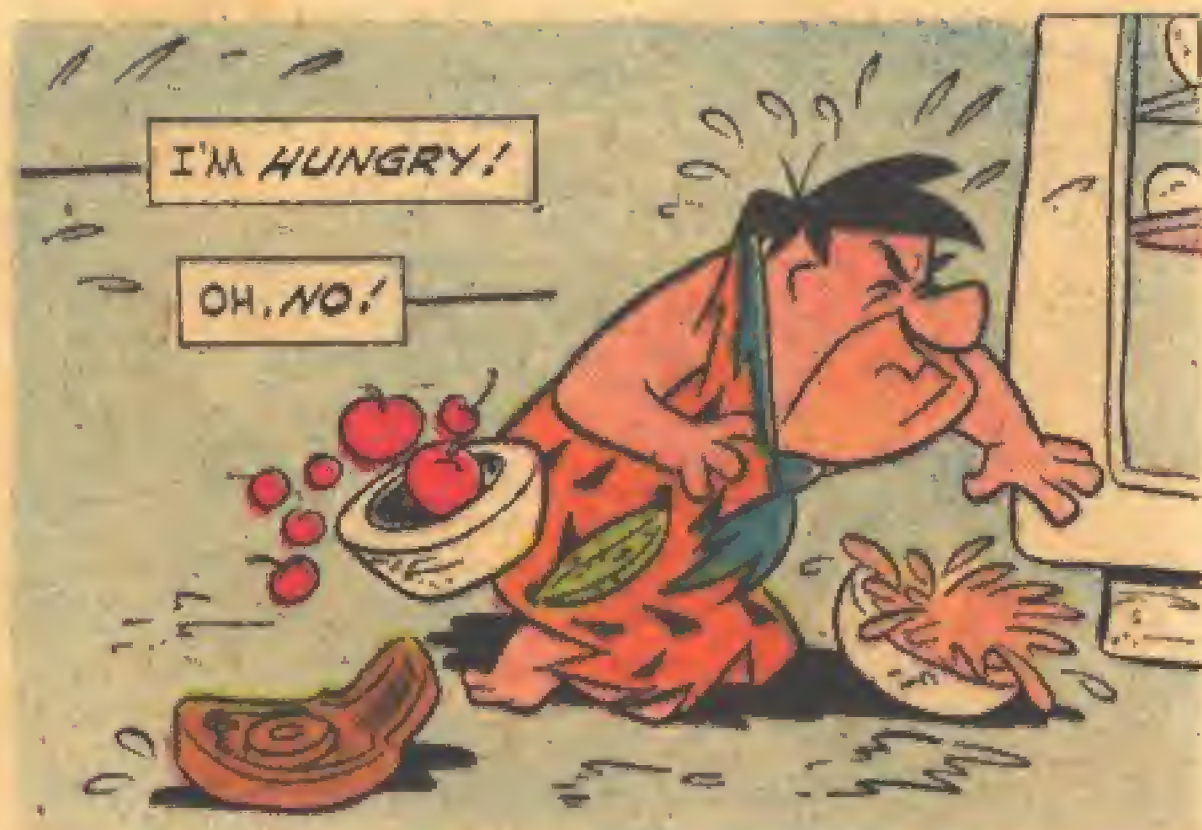
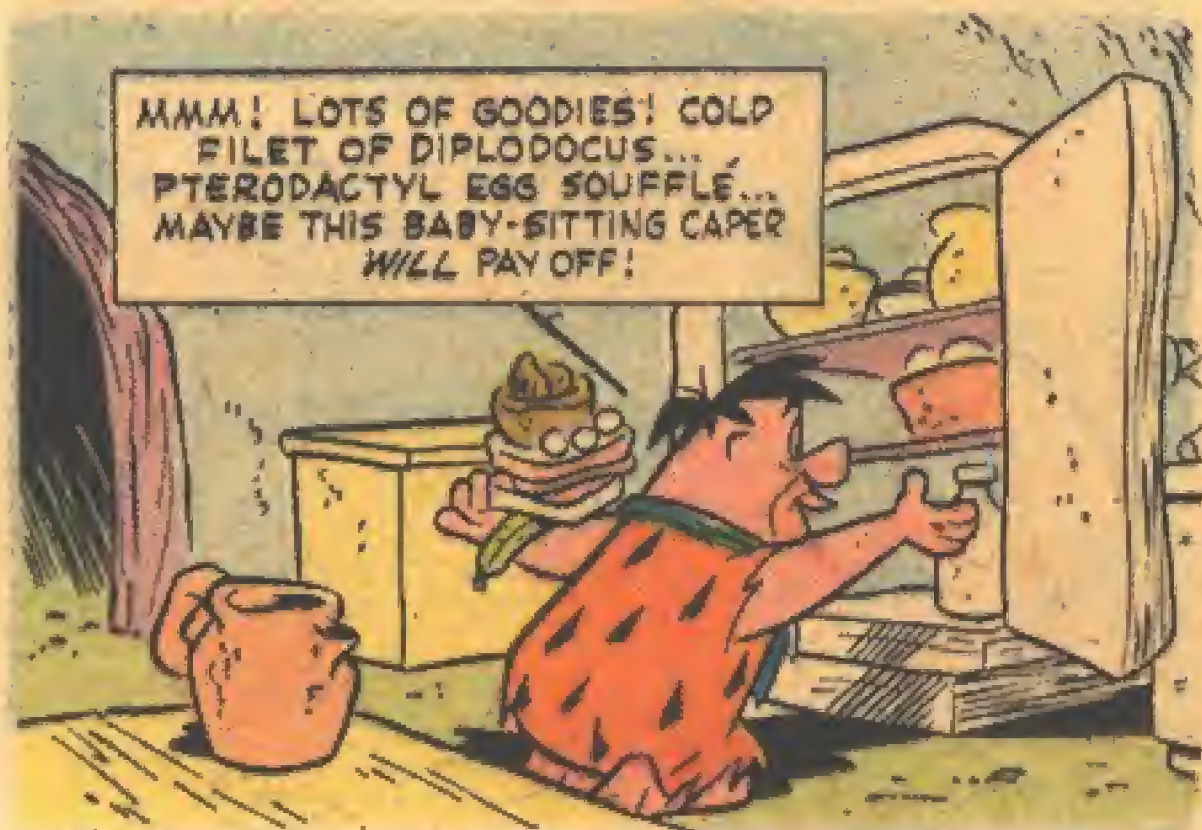




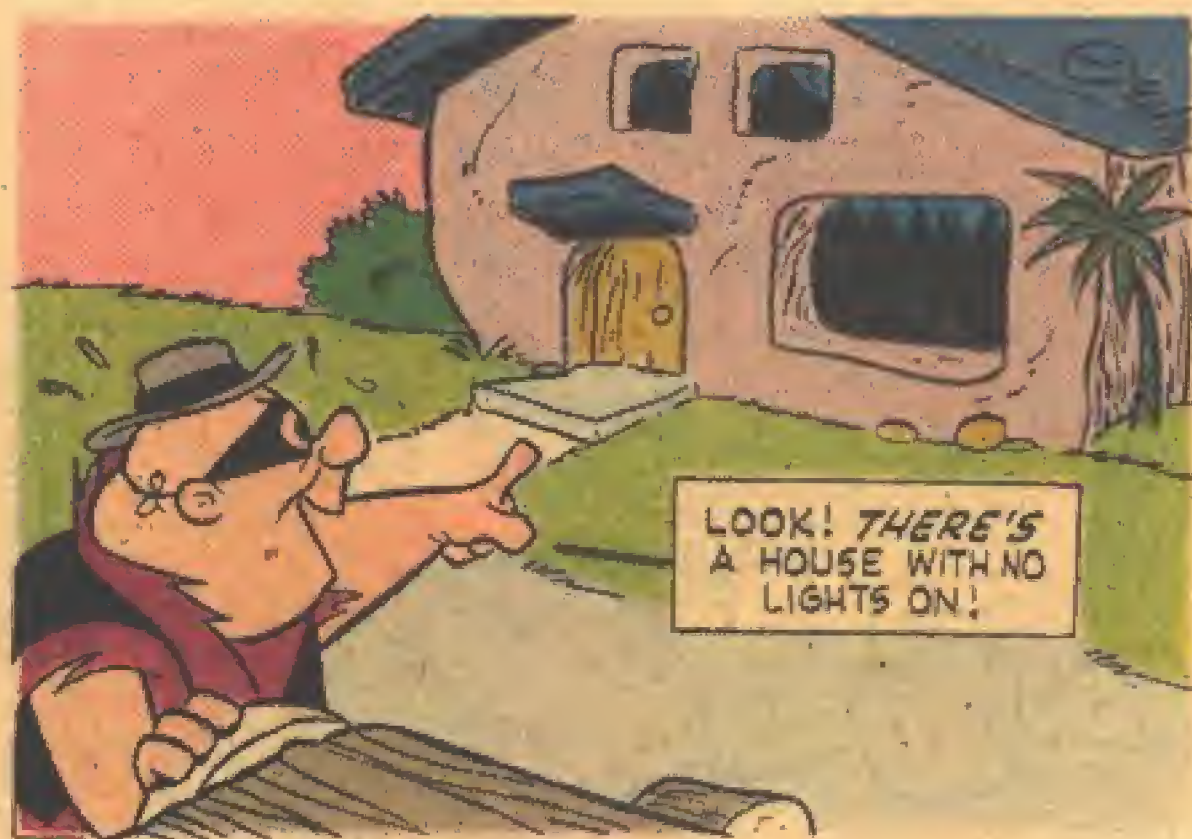




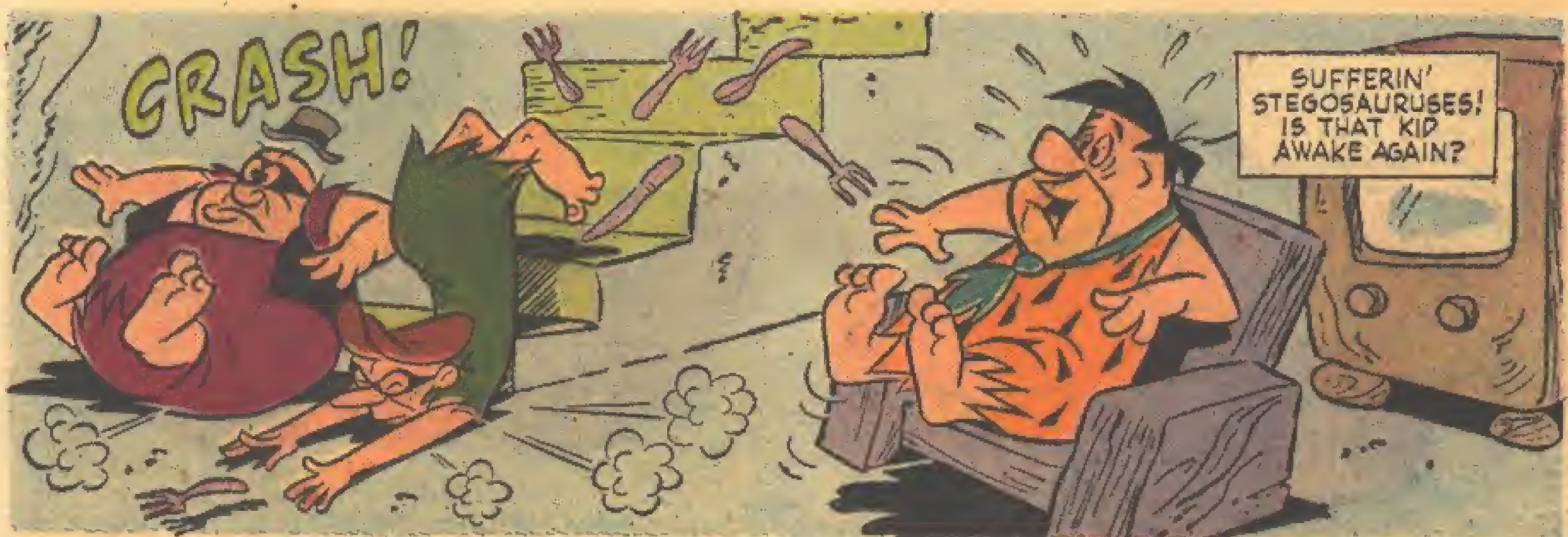
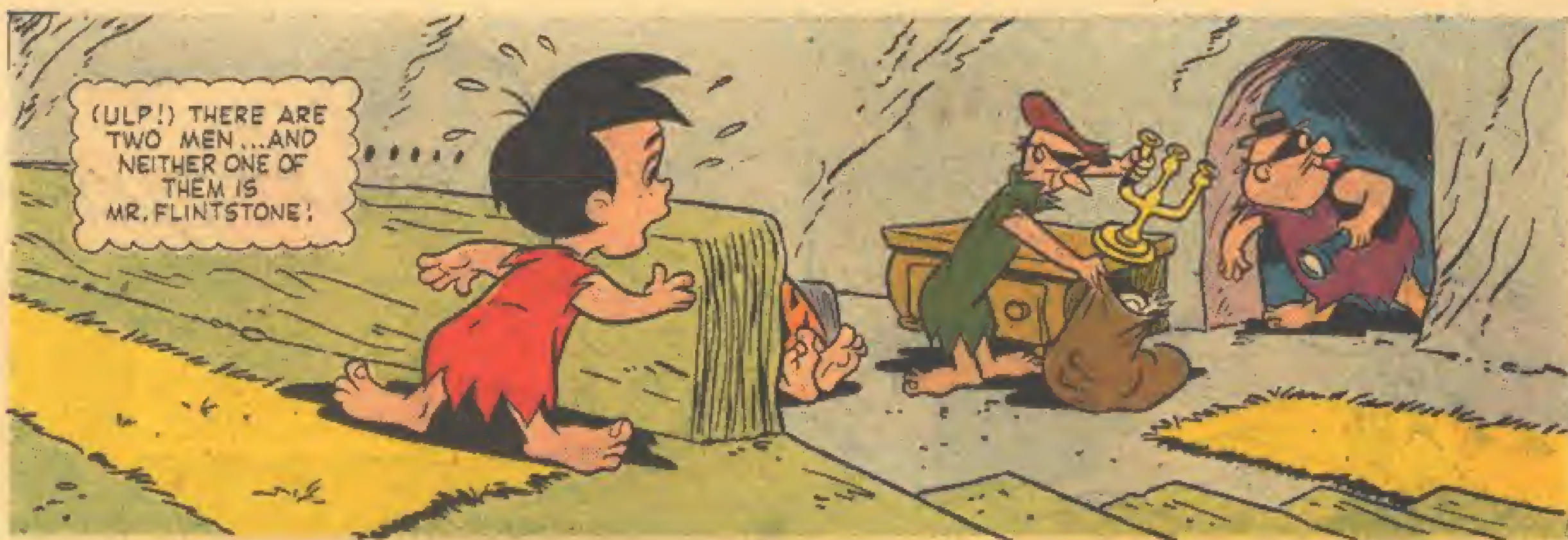




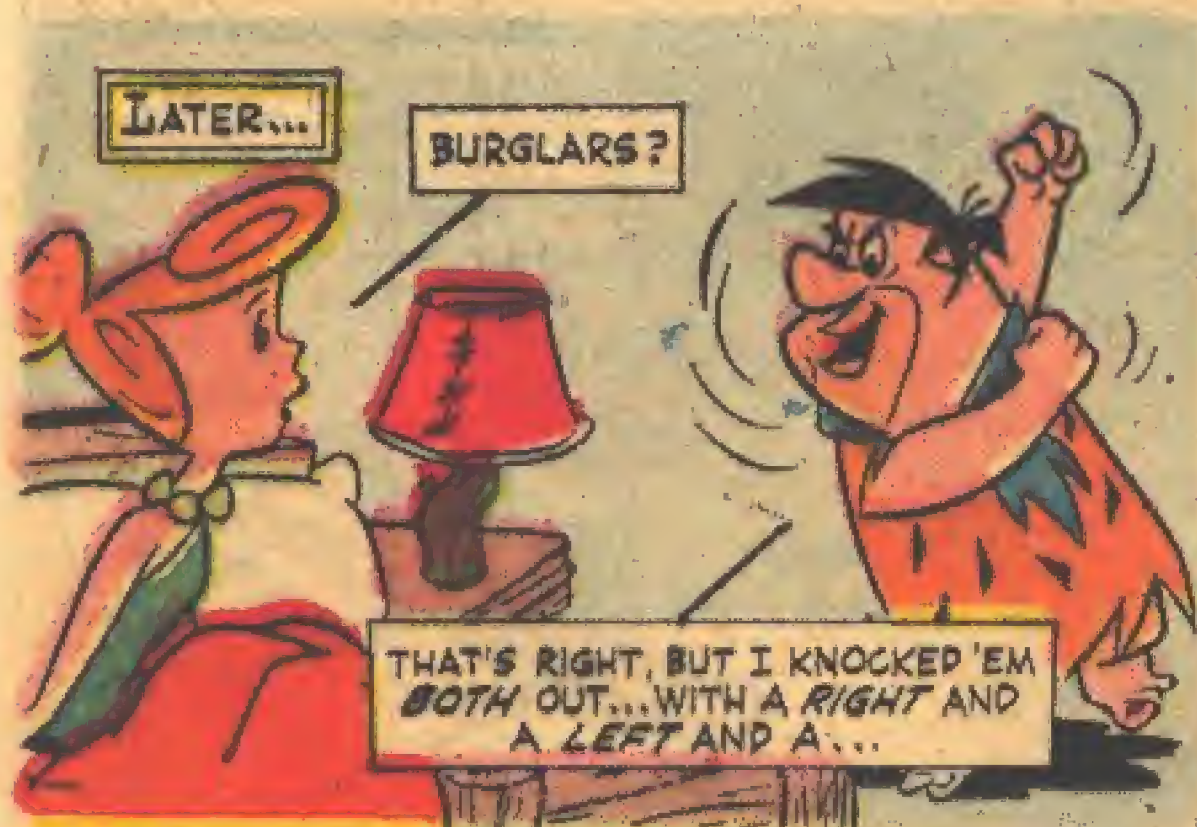










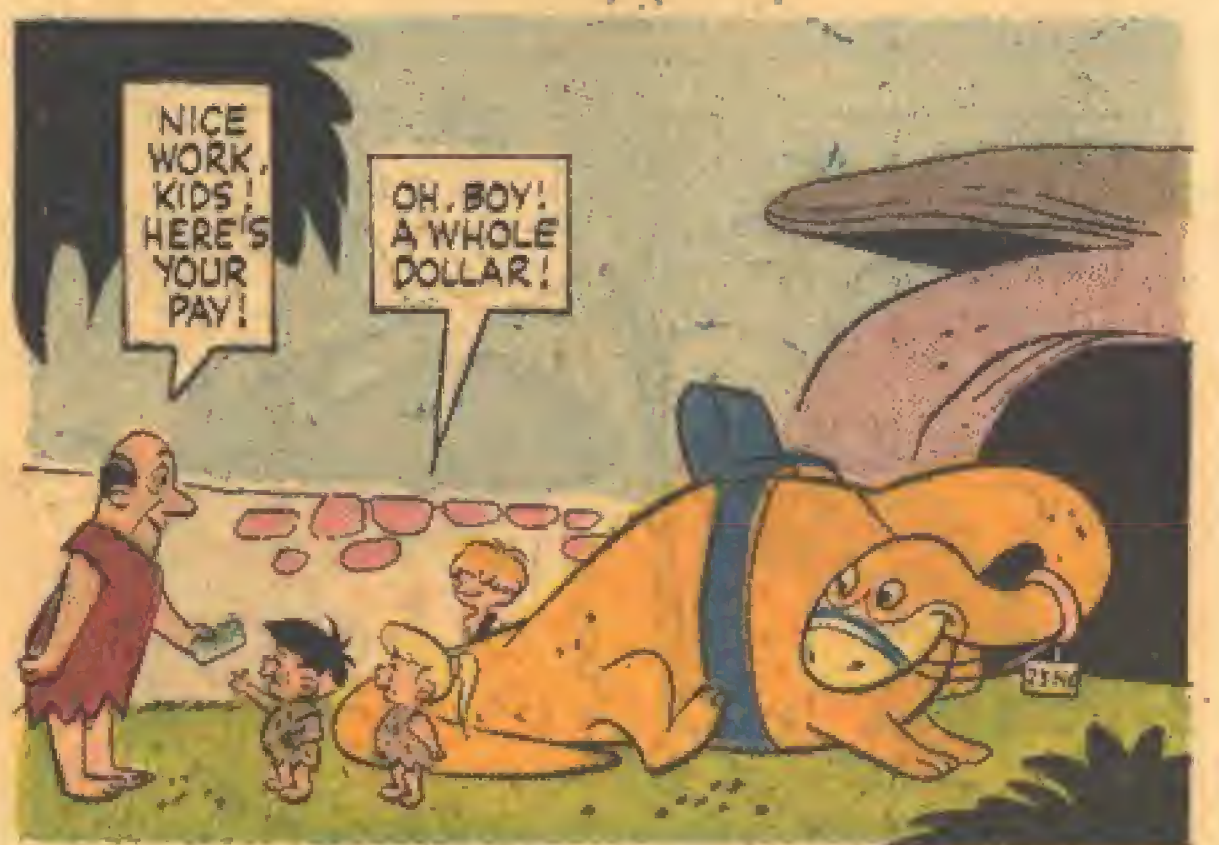
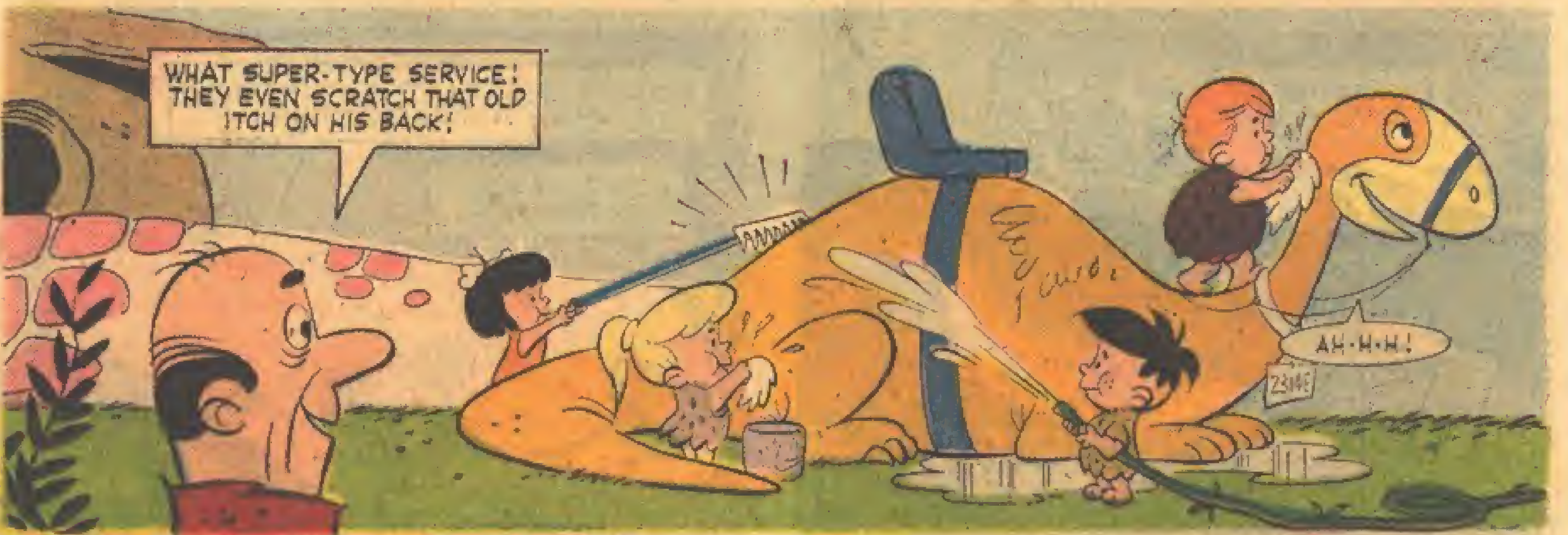
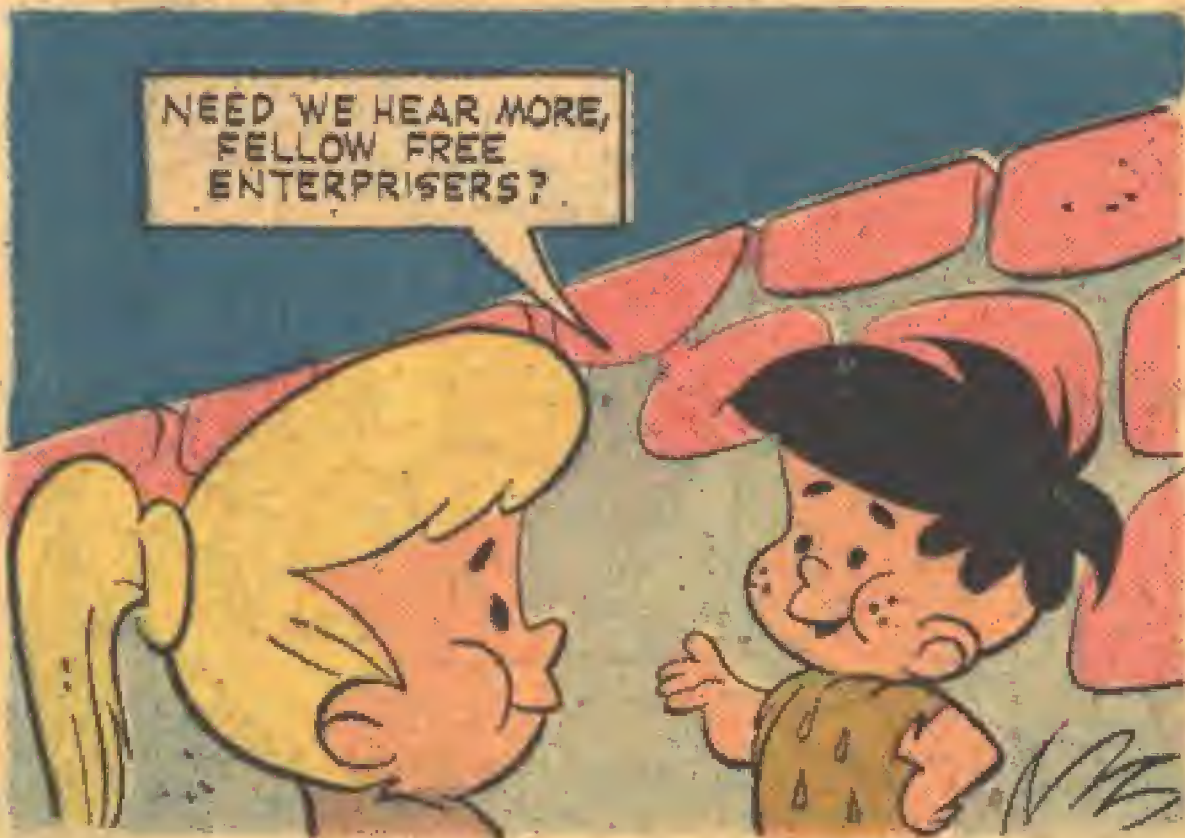
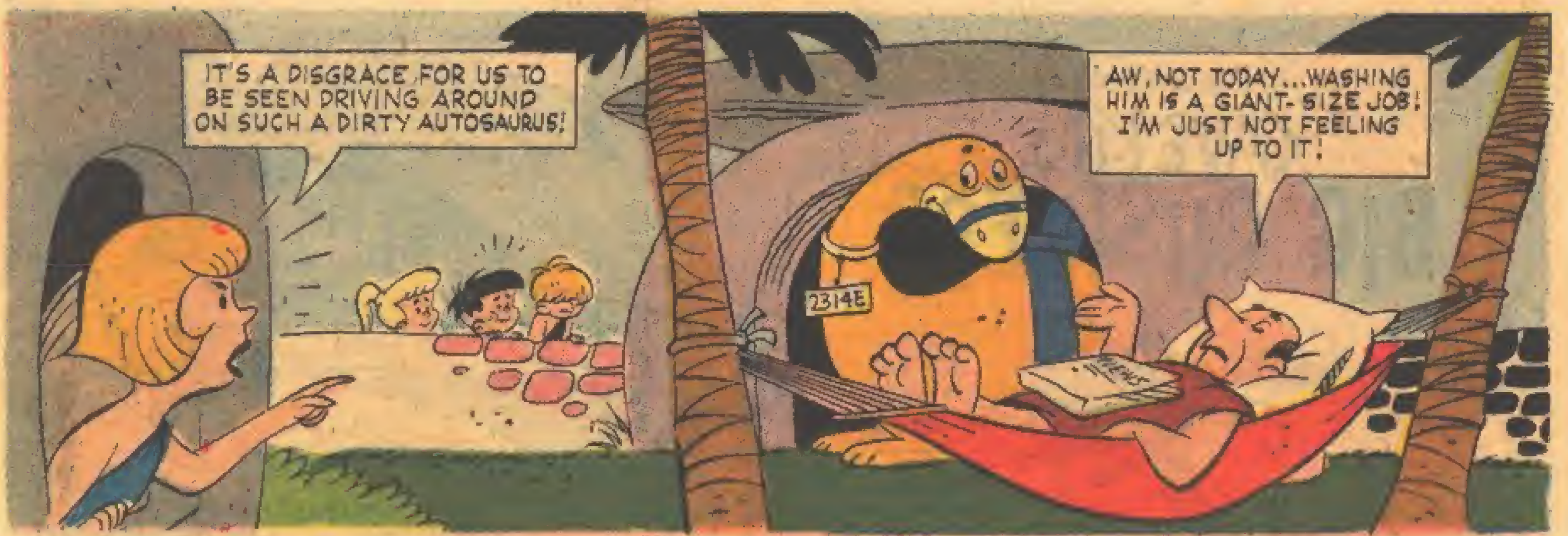




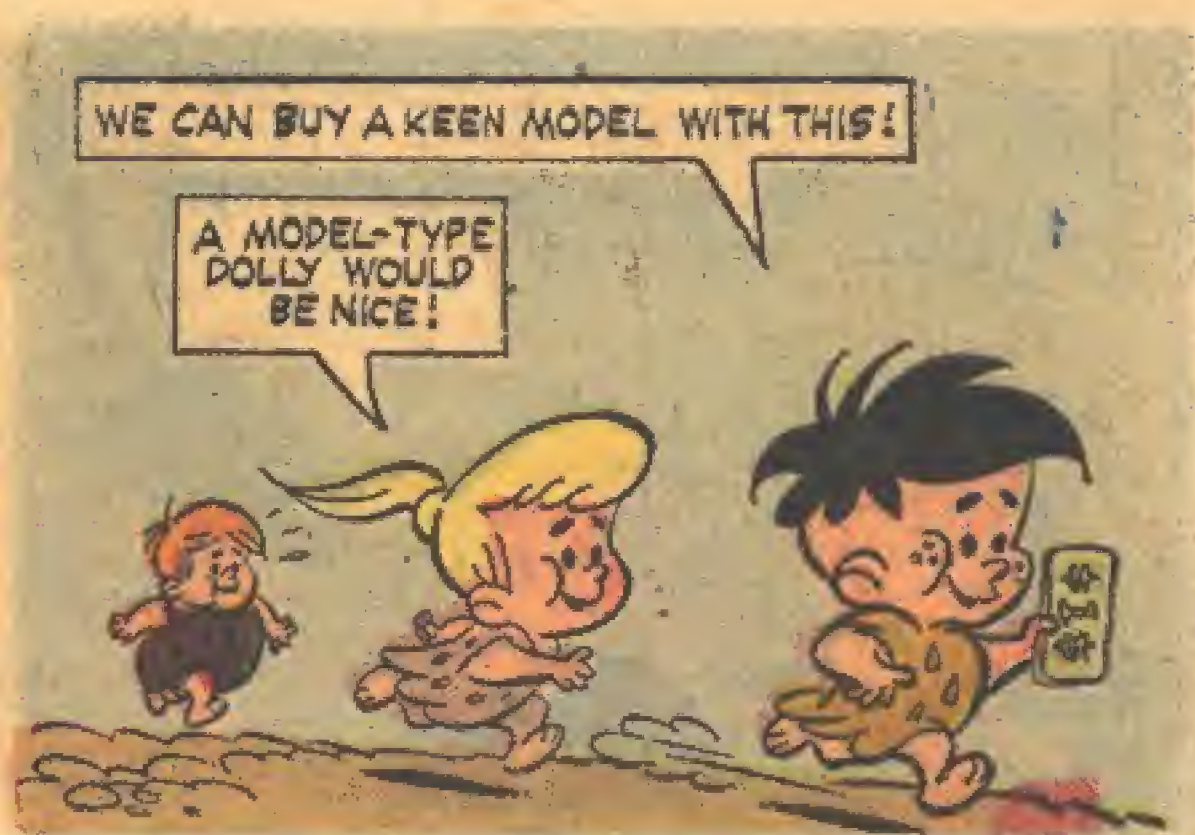
Hanna-Barbara  
**CAVE KIDS**  
**BIG BUSINESS**



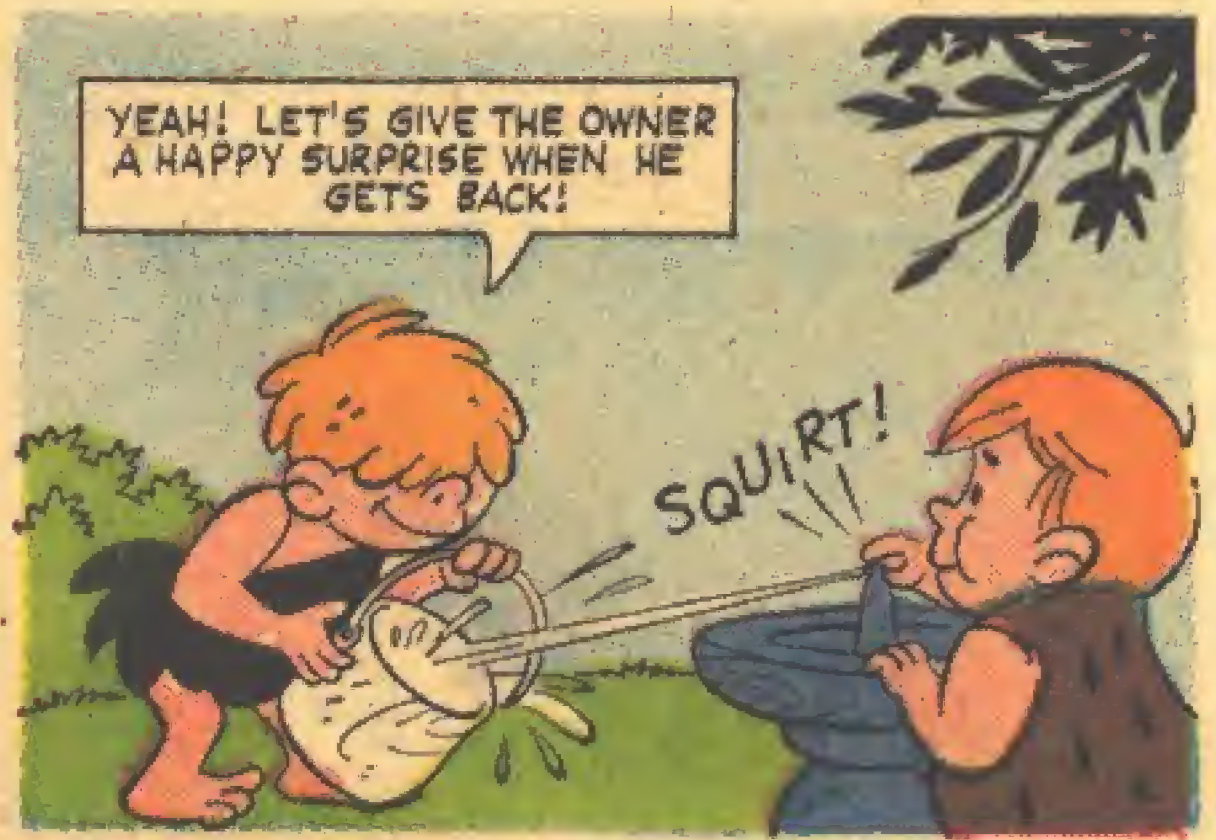
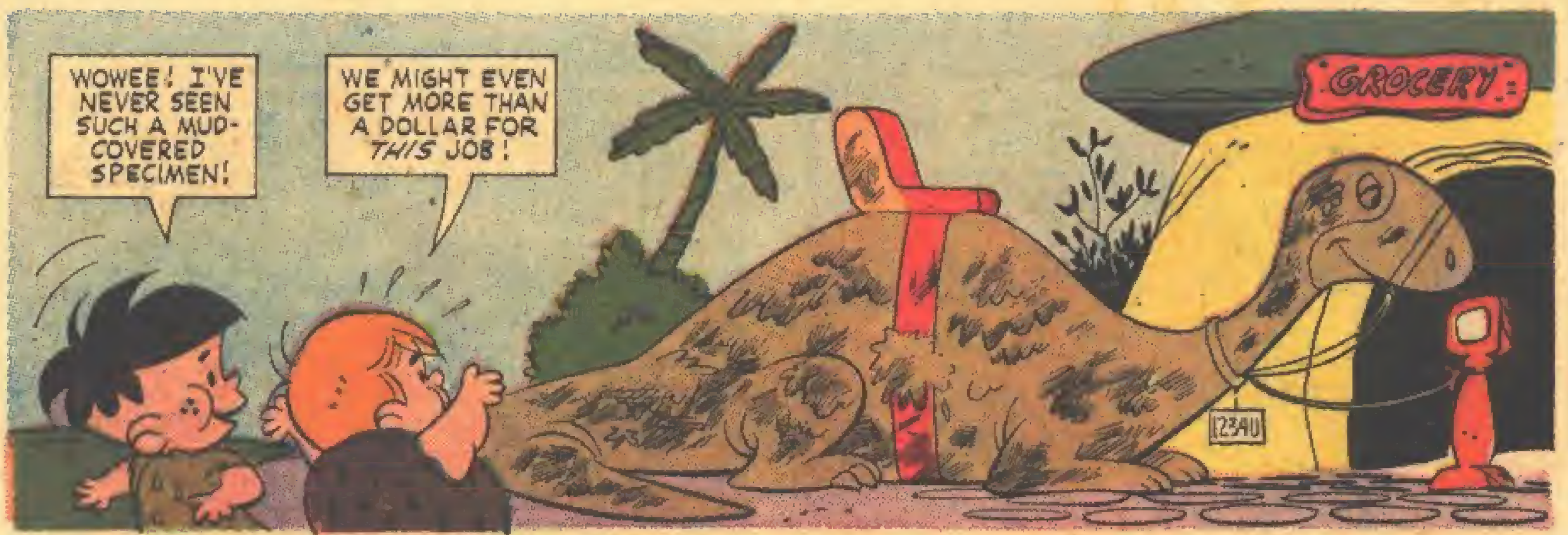




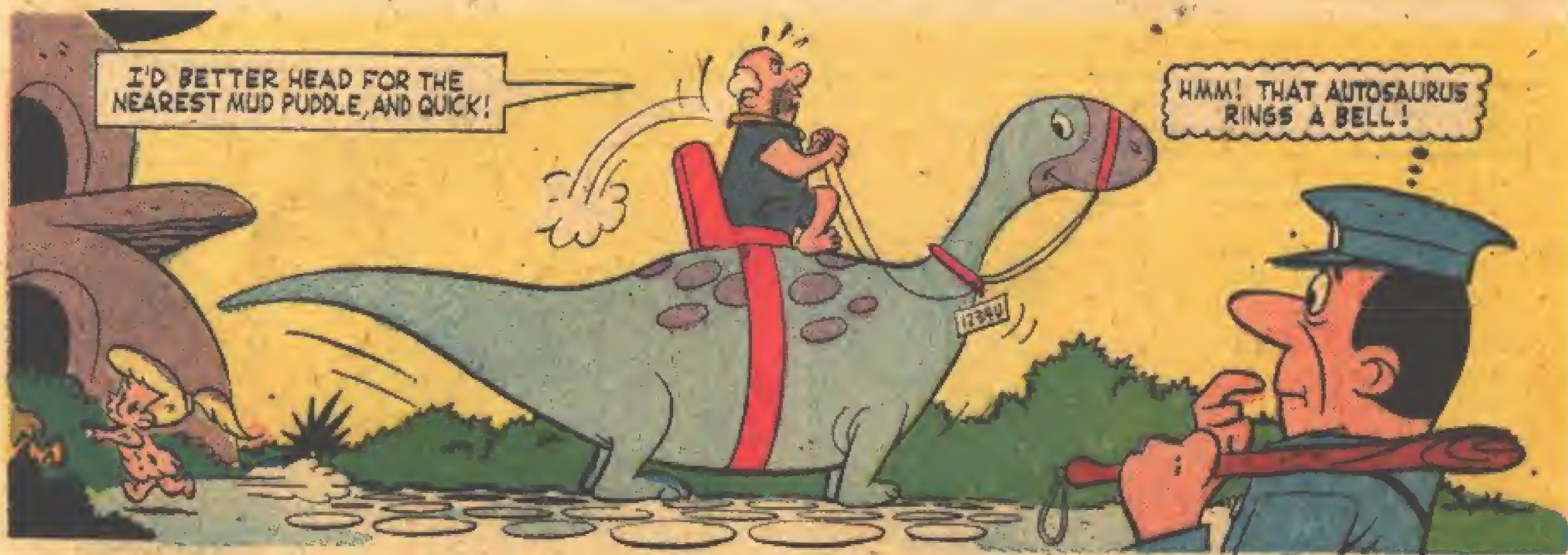
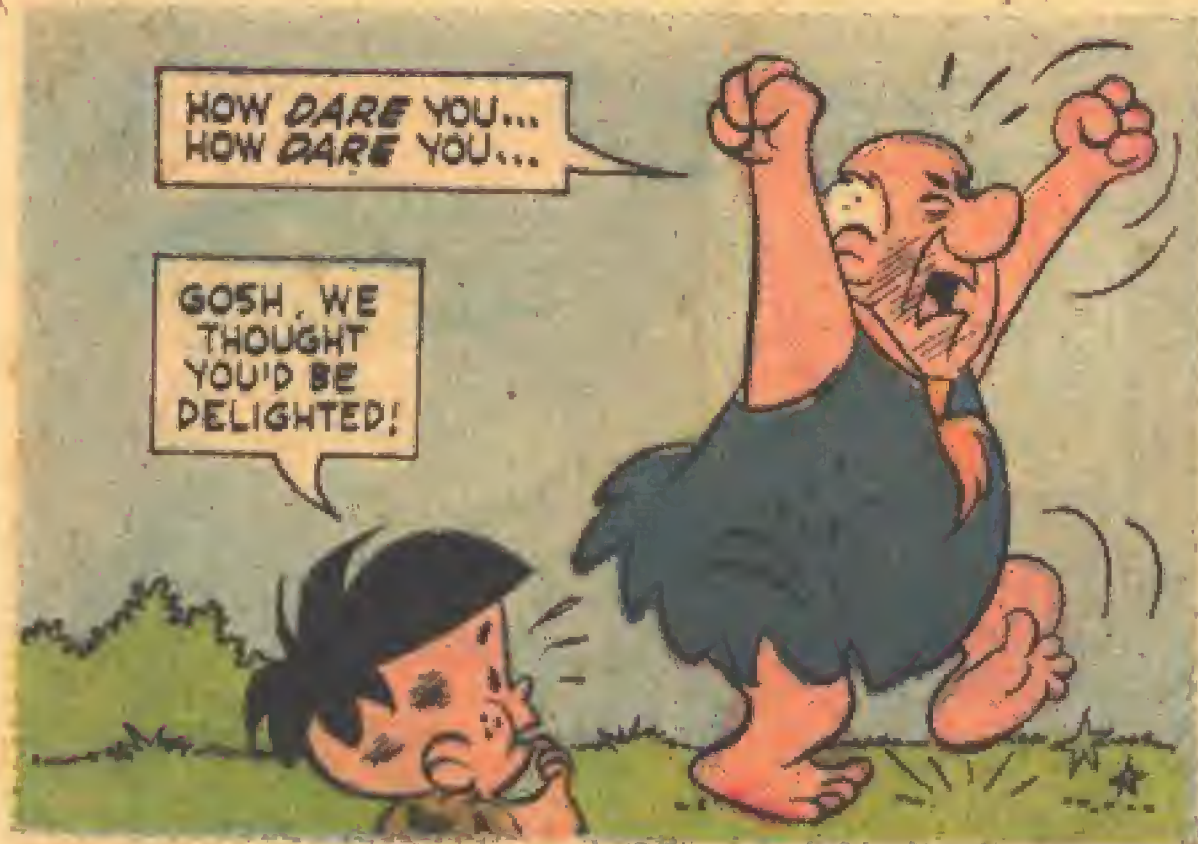




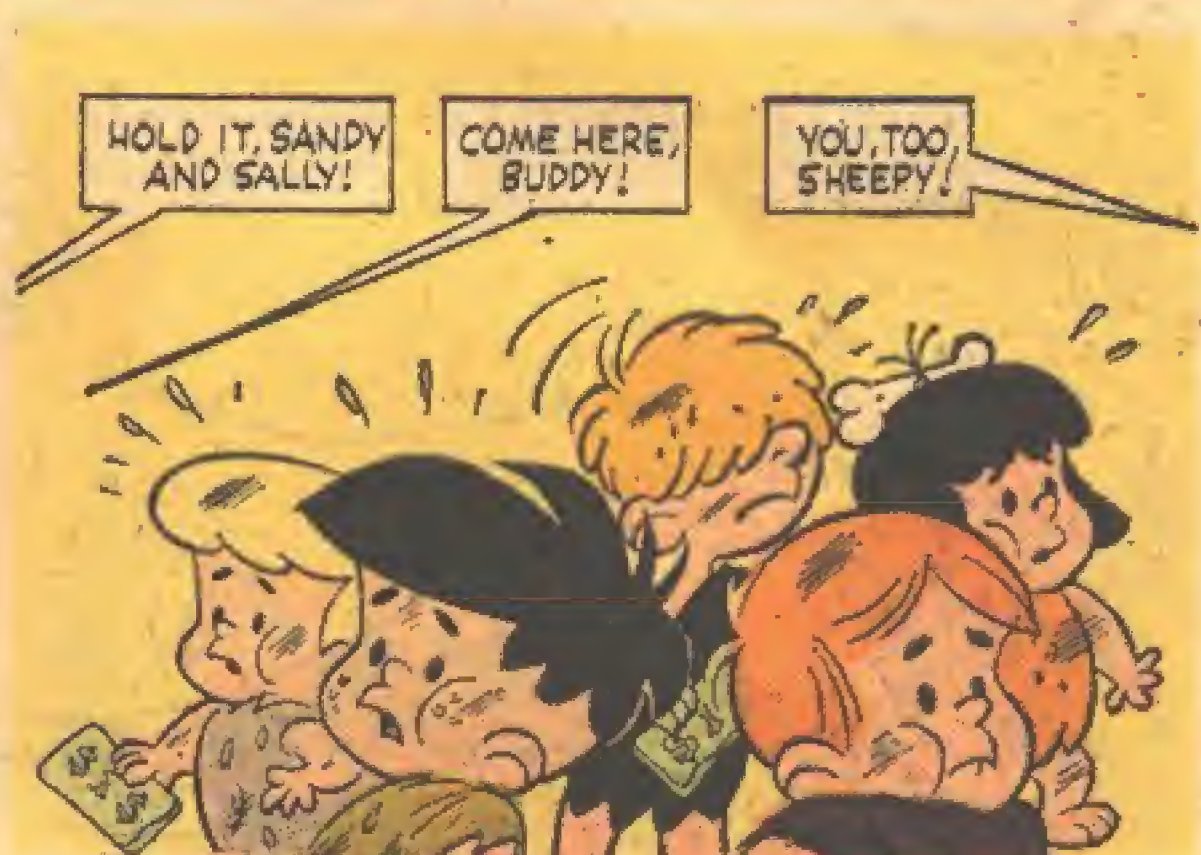
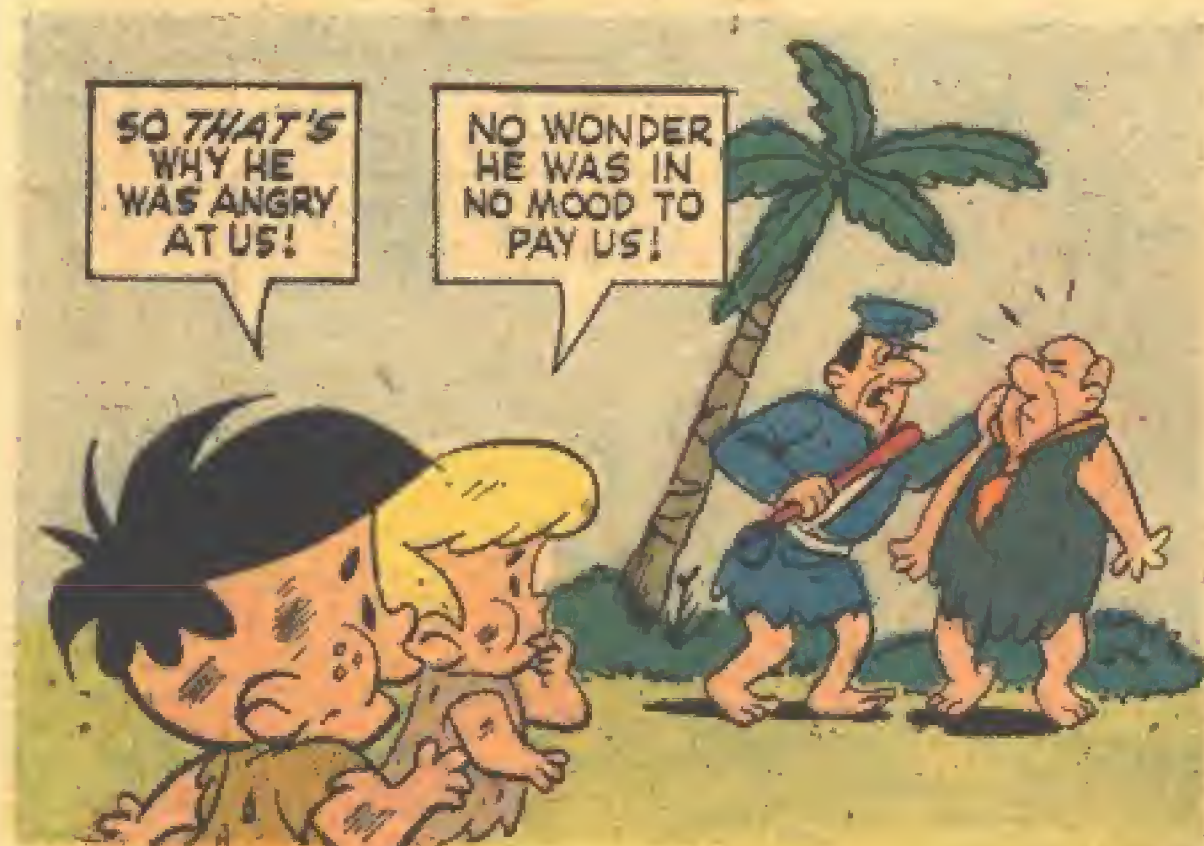




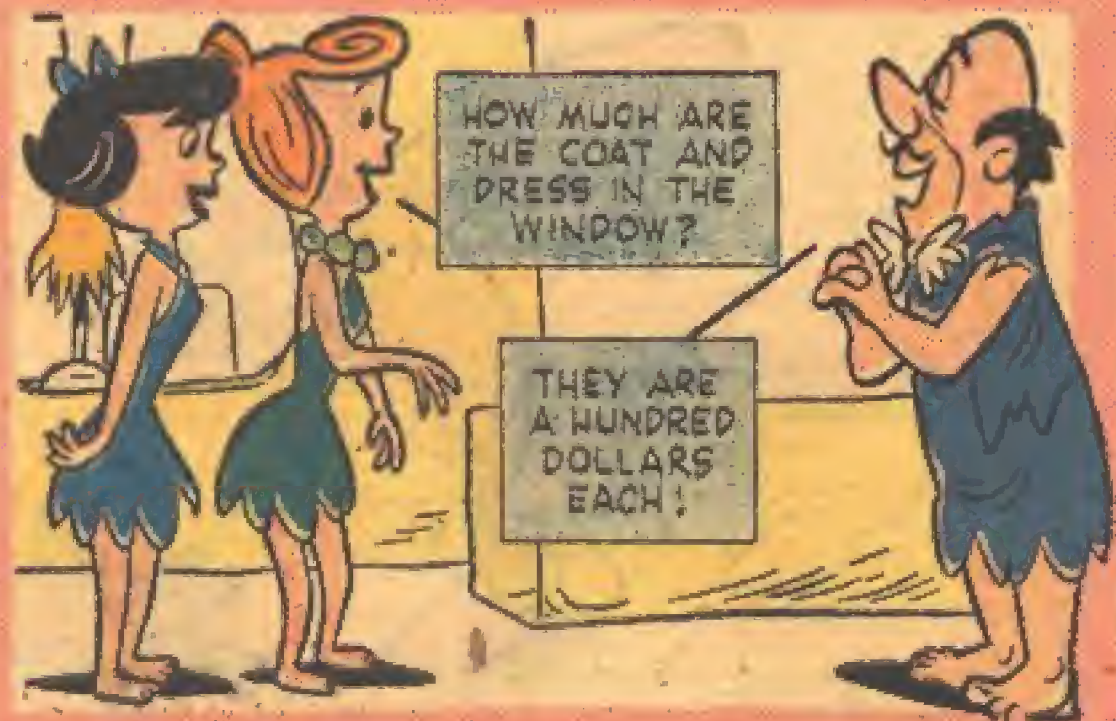
















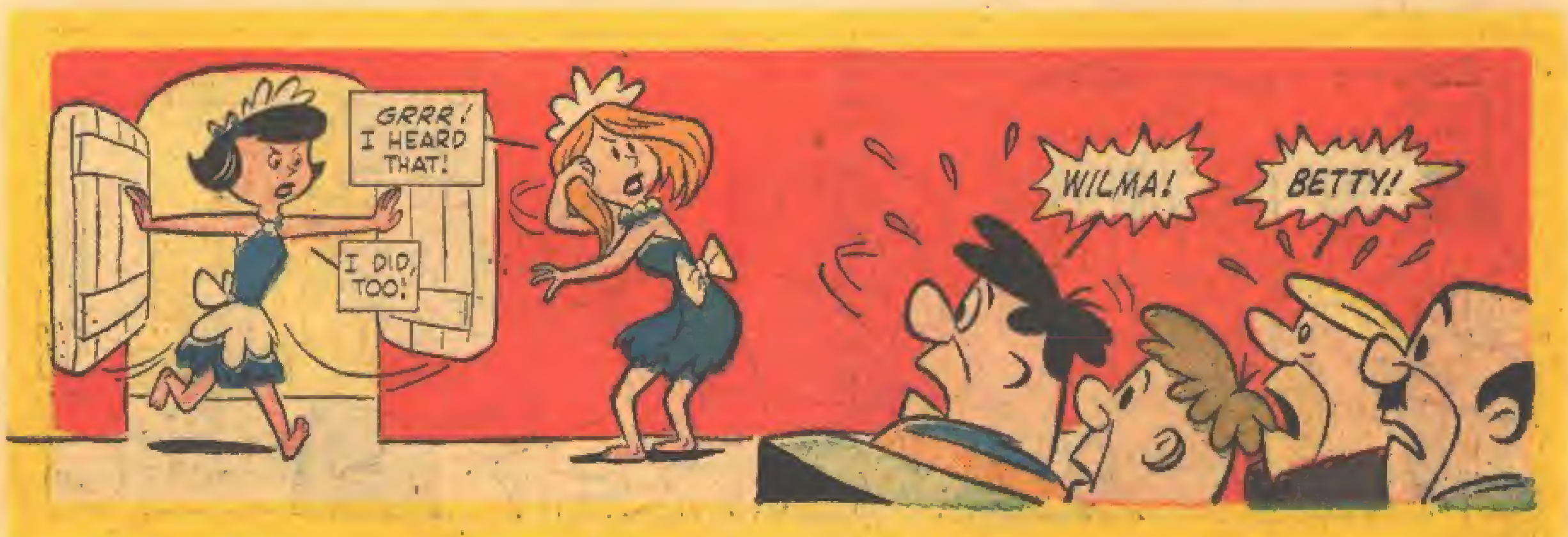
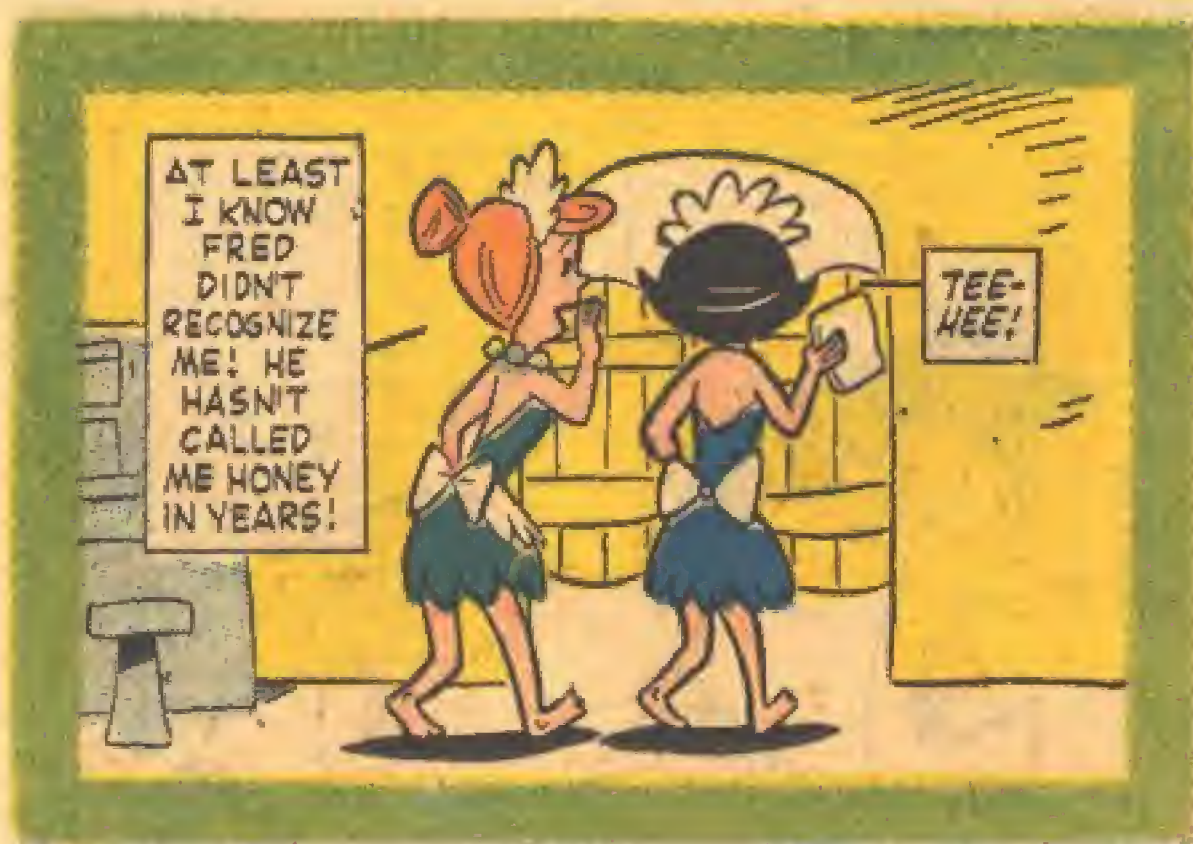




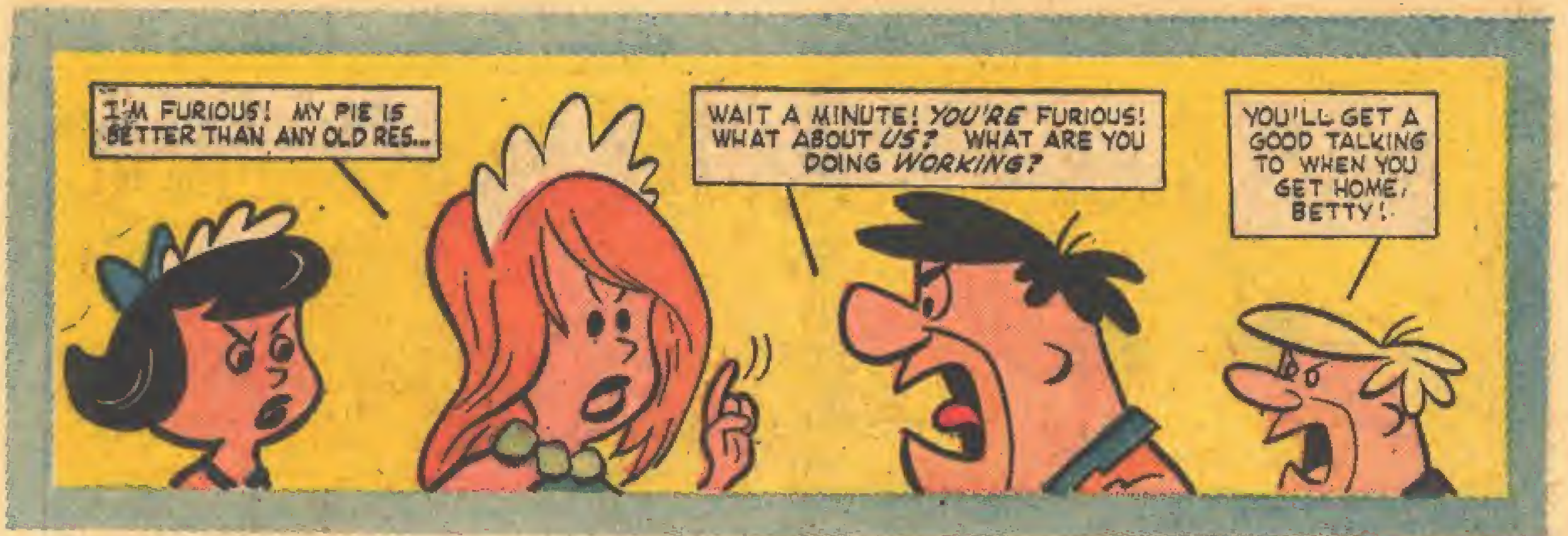












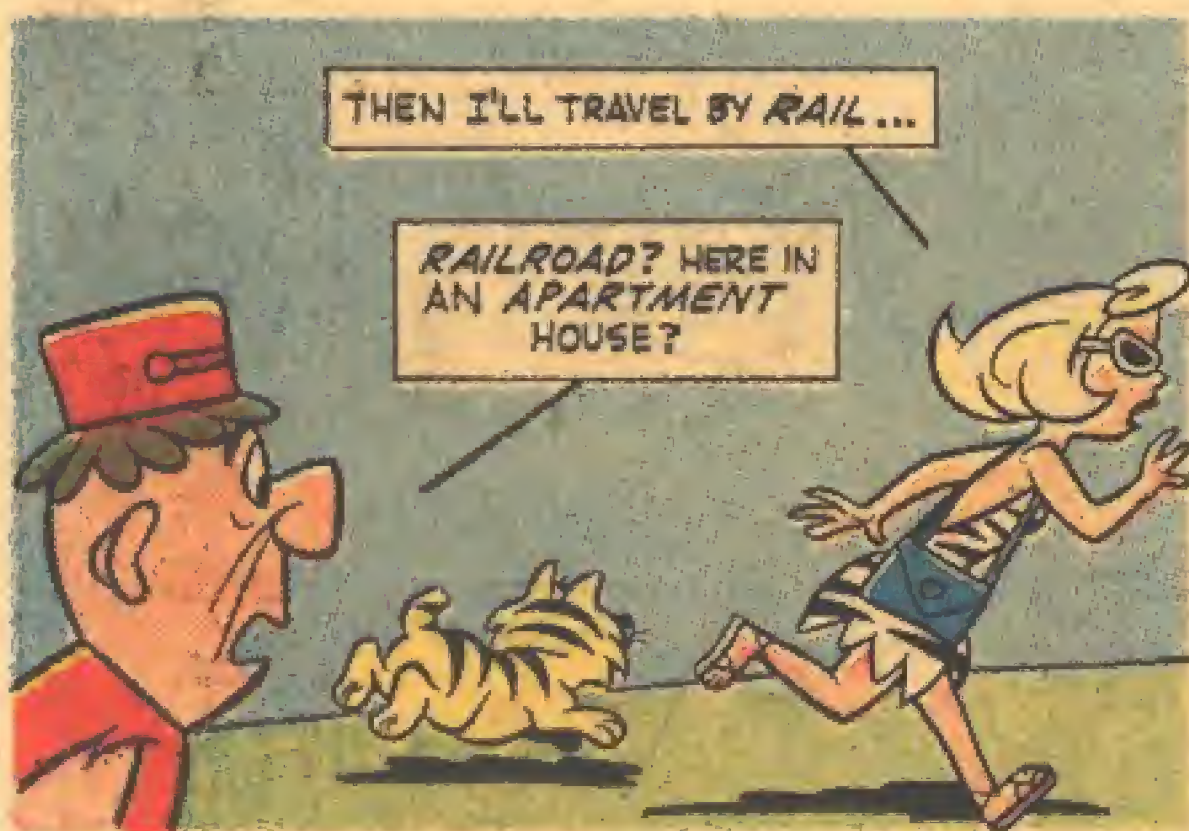


Hanna-Barbera  
**PEBBLE BLEACH**

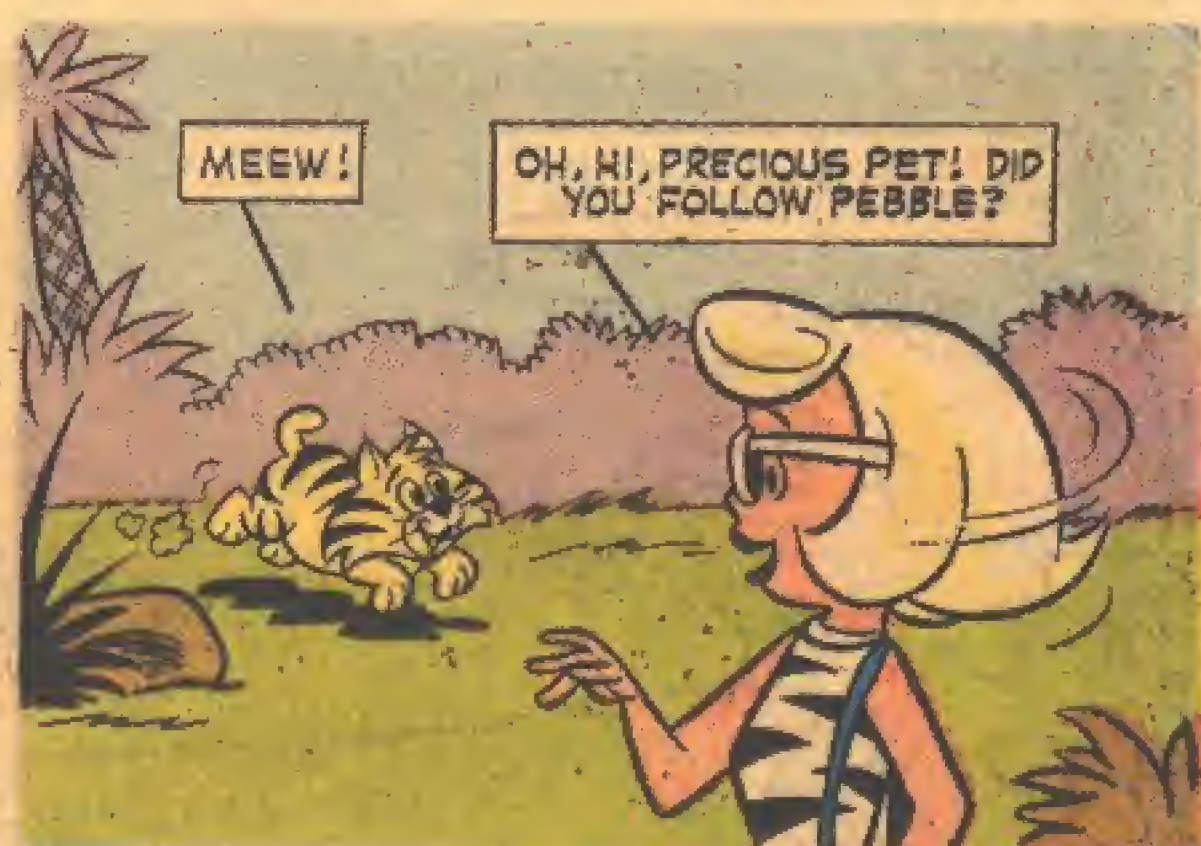
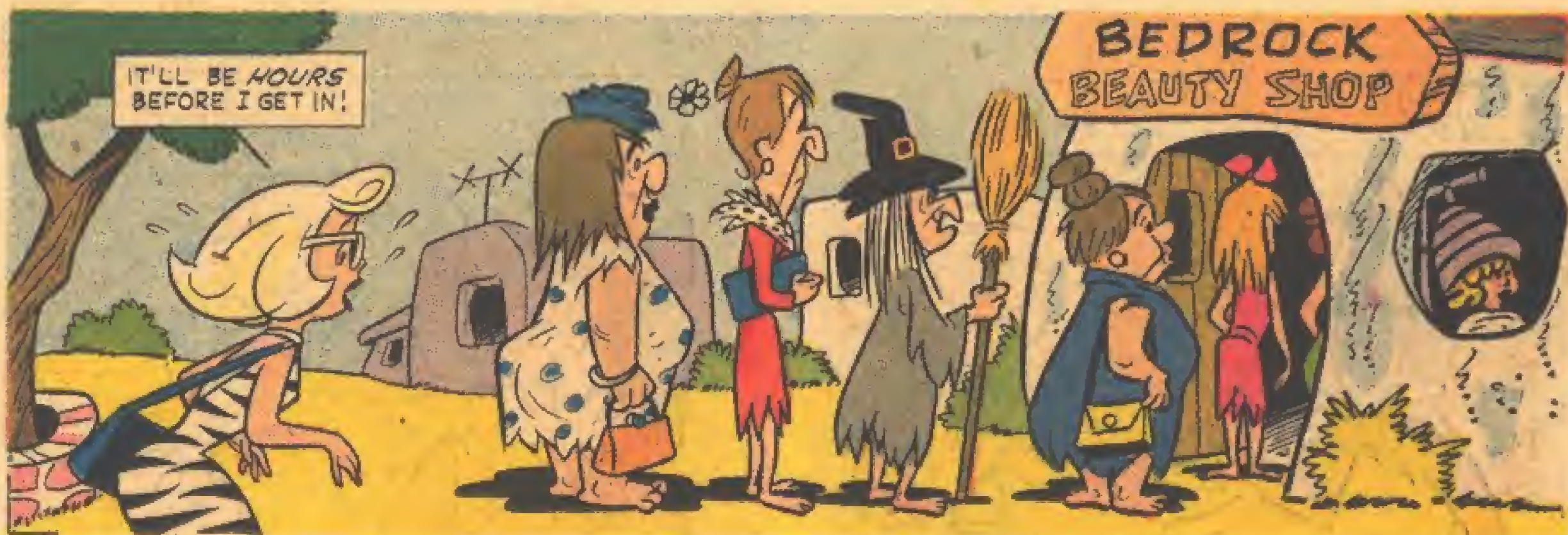
# BEAUTY PARLOR PANIC











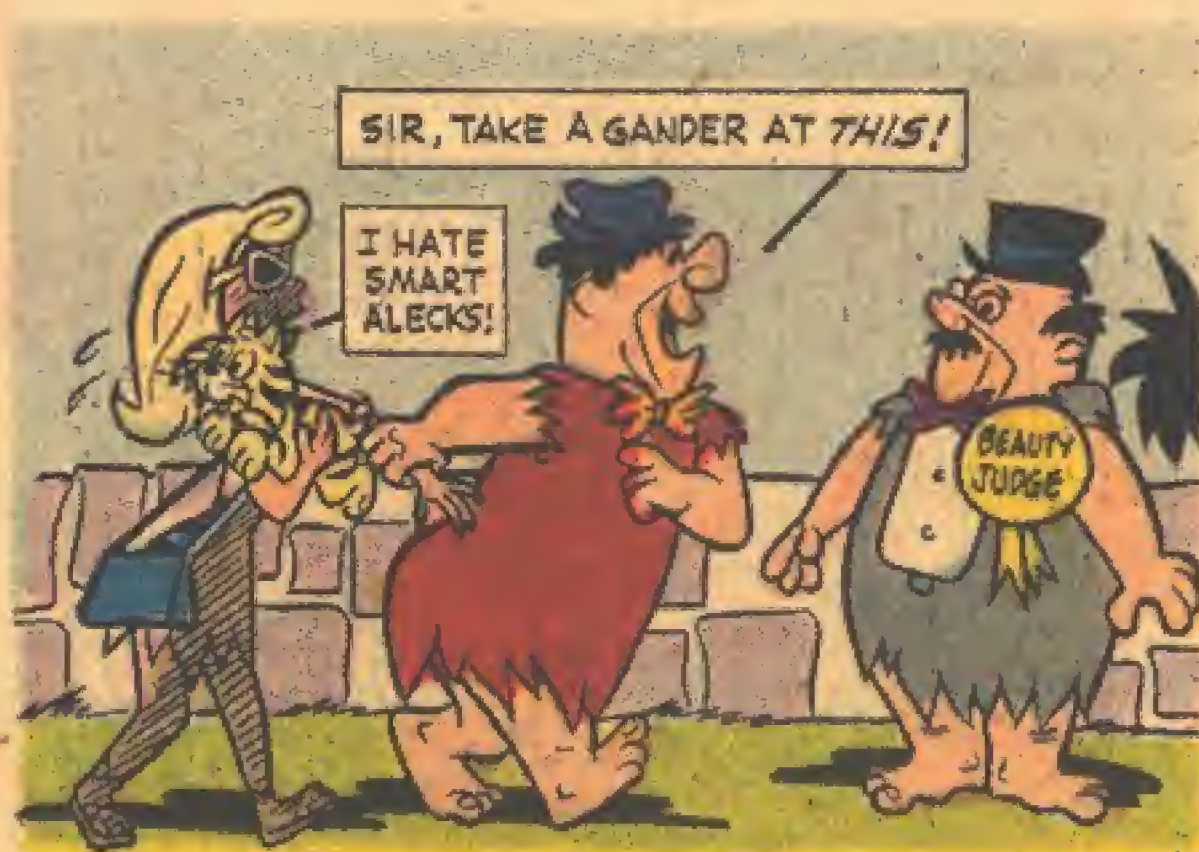








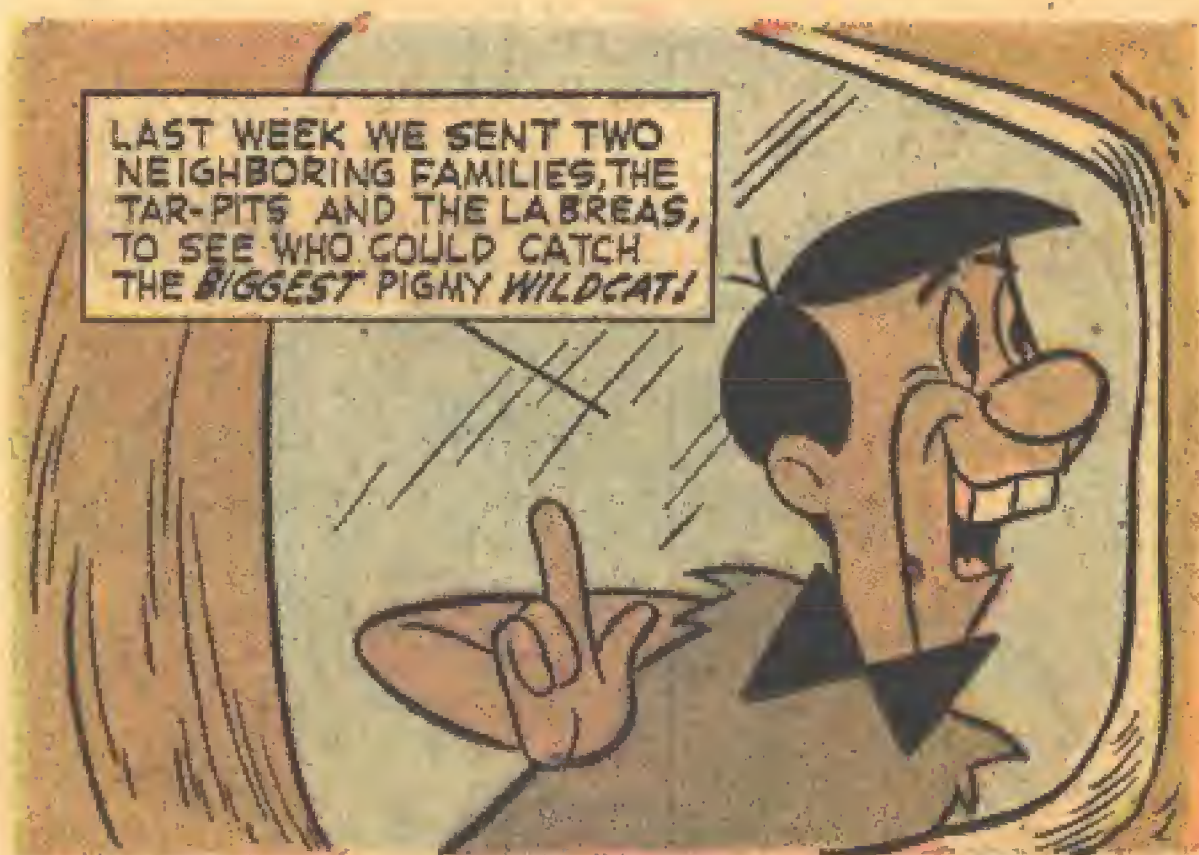




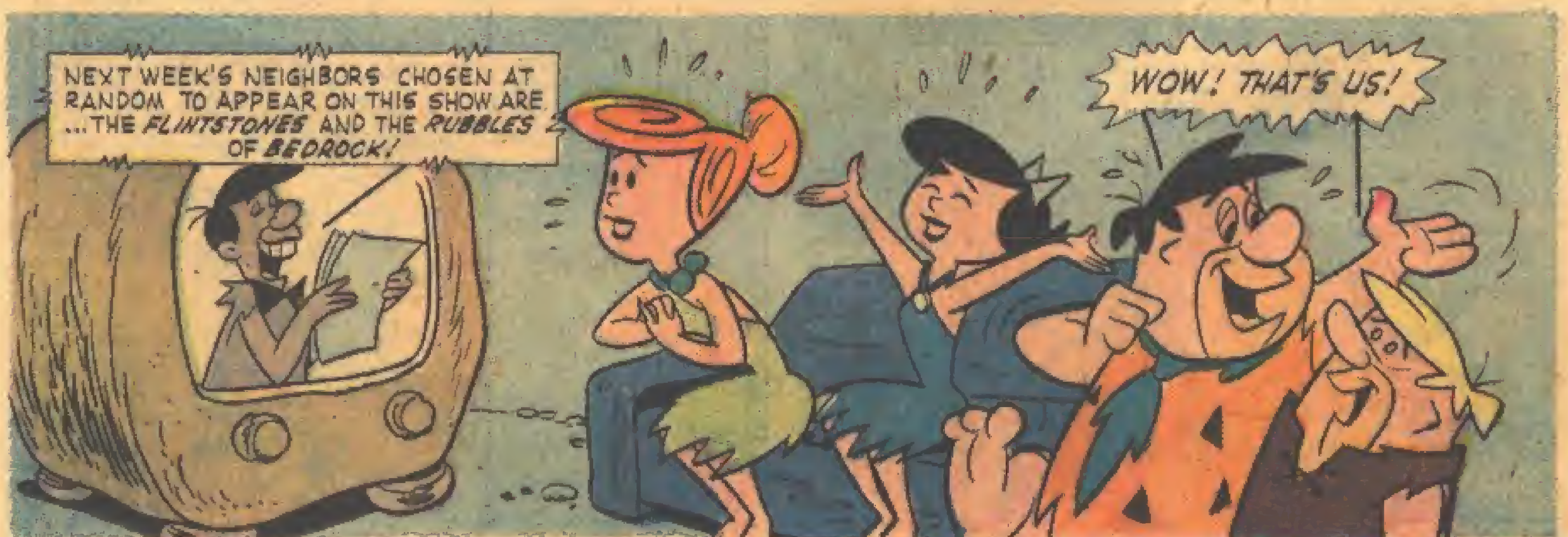
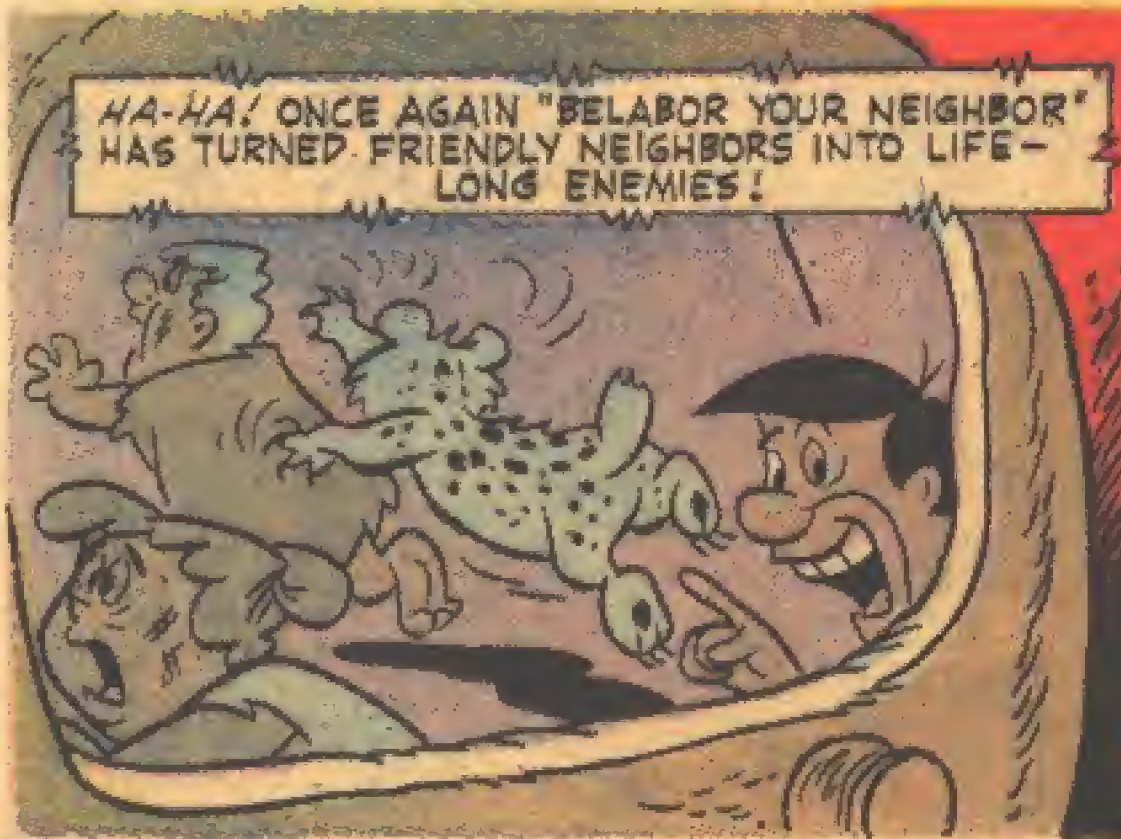
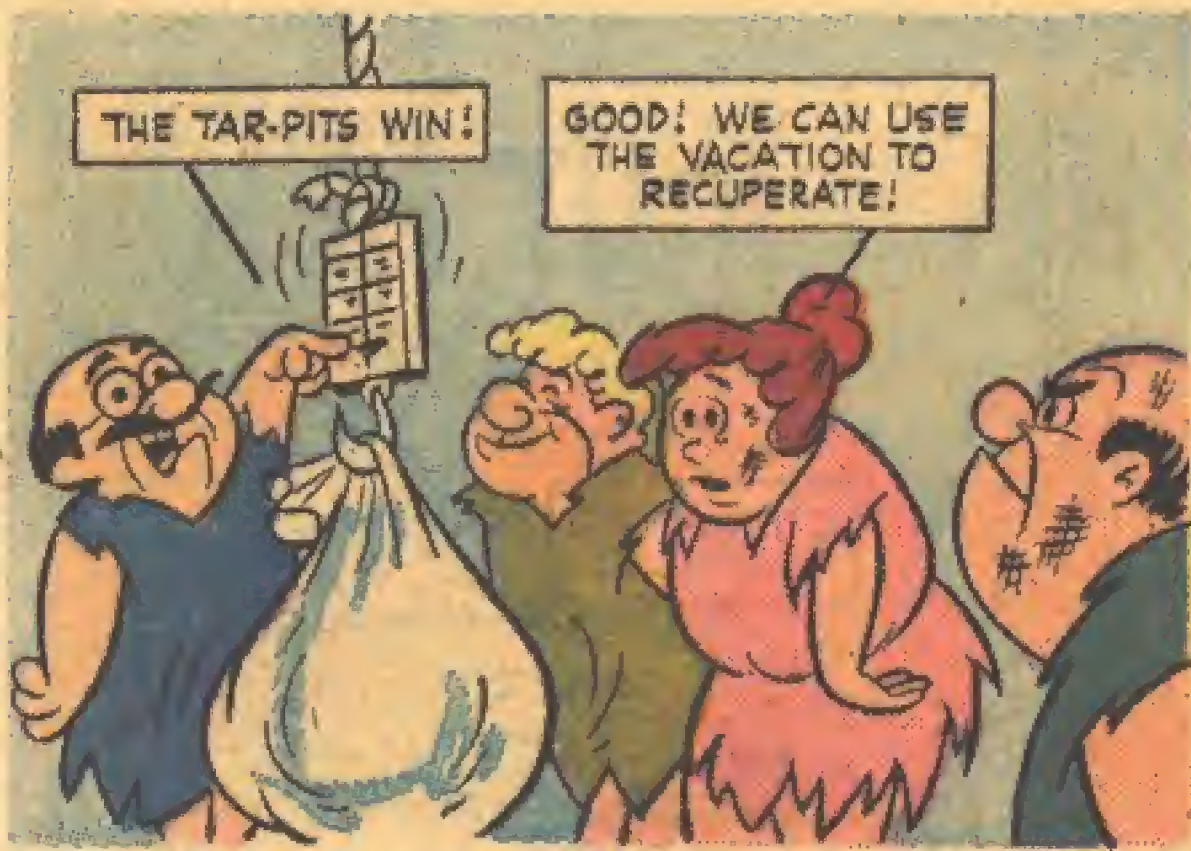


Hanna-Barbera  
the FLINTSTONES

# THE NIGHTLY NIGHT FIGHT











BETTY! WE'RE IN!  
WE'LL BEAT THEM  
AND WIN A  
VACATION!

HAH! WHO  
ARE YOU GOING  
TO BEAT?



BEAT IT,  
BARNEY!

LOOKS LIKE THE  
THICK GOT PRETTY  
THIN ALL OF A  
SUDDEN!



THIS IS A REAL HUMDINGER! WE'RE GOING TO TEST  
WHICH ONE OF YOU GENTLEMEN CAN STAY AWAKE  
THE LONGEST! THE ONE WHO DOES WINS A NICE  
VACATION IN TERRADISE!



YOU CAN MOVE IN WITH EACH OTHER  
TO KEEP A CONSTANT WATCH! IF YOUR  
NEIGHBOR FALLS ASLEEP, CALL THE  
STUDIO AND YOU WIN!



YOU WIVES CAN DO ANYTHING TO HELP YOUR  
HUSBANDS! GET A GOOD SLEEP THIS WEEK-END!  
THE CONTEST WILL BEGIN MONDAY! WE'LL KEEP  
IN TOUCH WITH YOU!

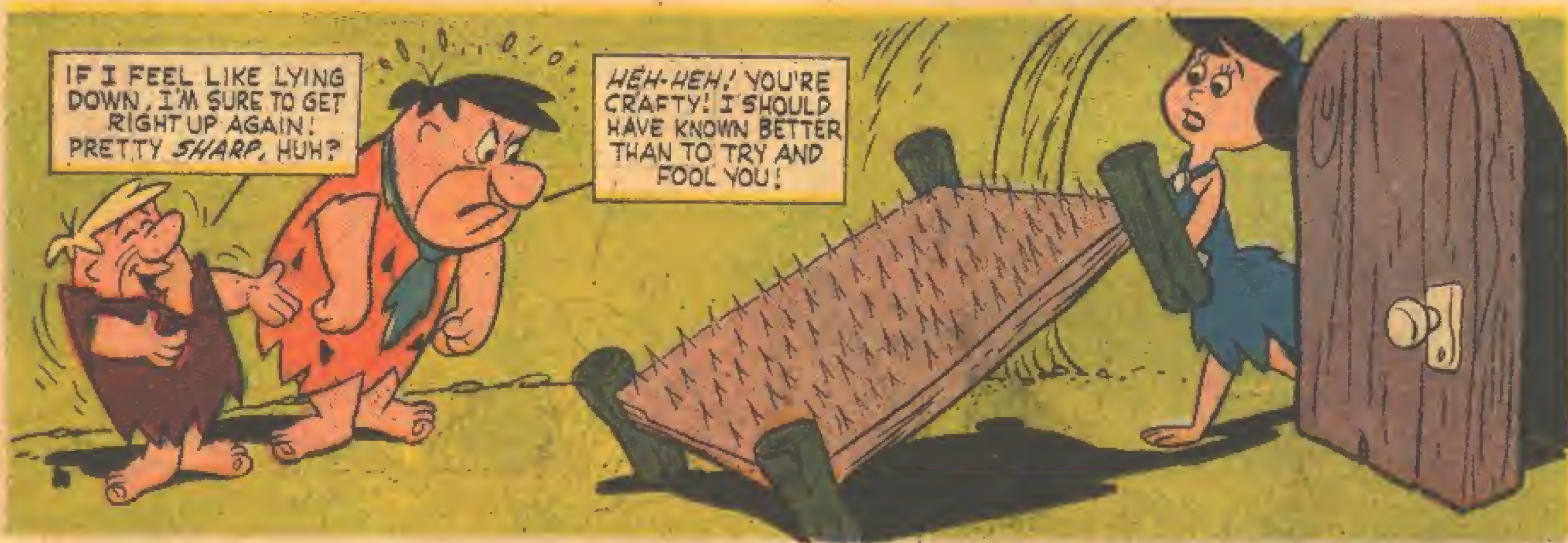
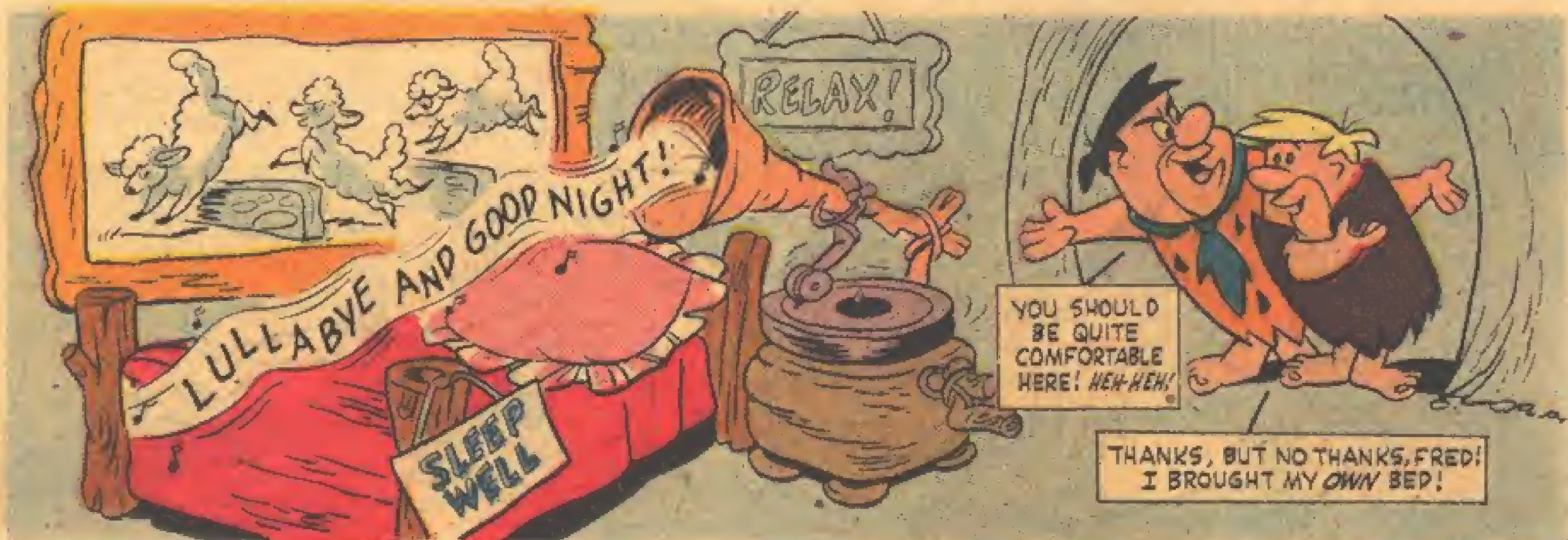


NOW, DON'T BE SILLY, BOYS! YOU CAN  
STILL COMPETE AND BE FRIENDS!

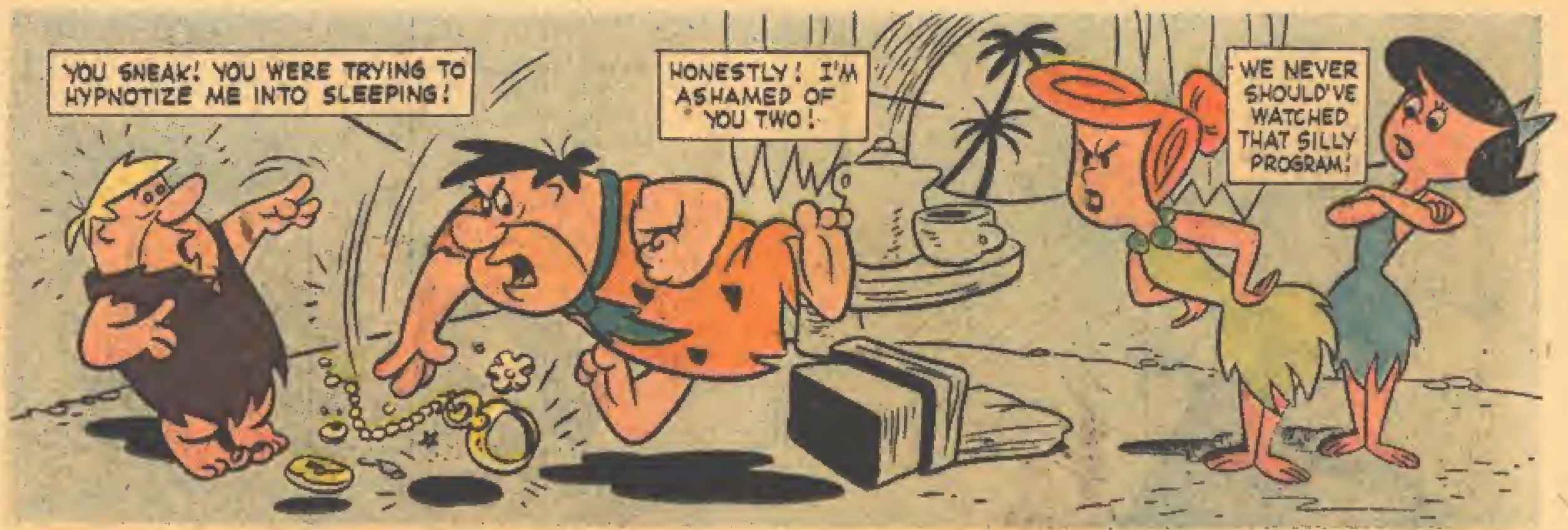
OKAY! I'LL  
PLAY SQUARE  
IF FRED DOES!

SURE! LET'S NOT  
LET THIS UPSET  
OUR PALSHIP!

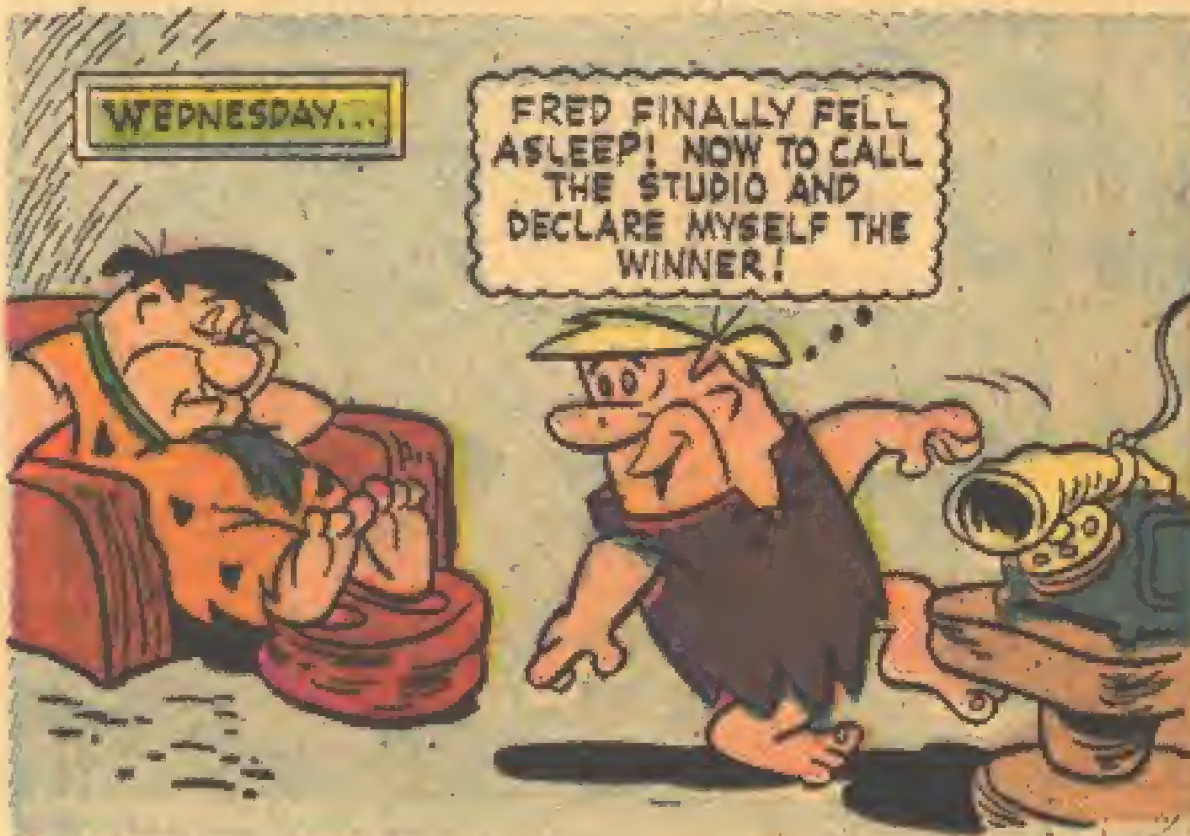








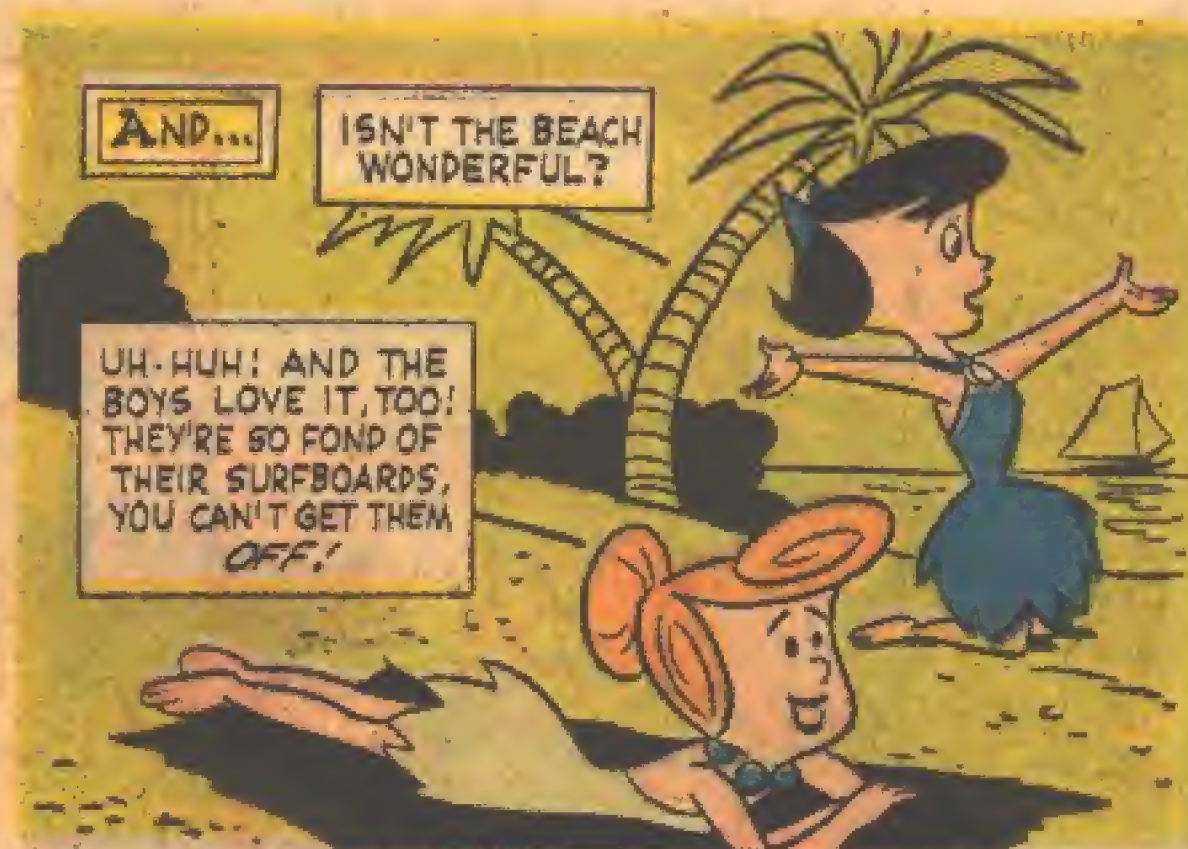








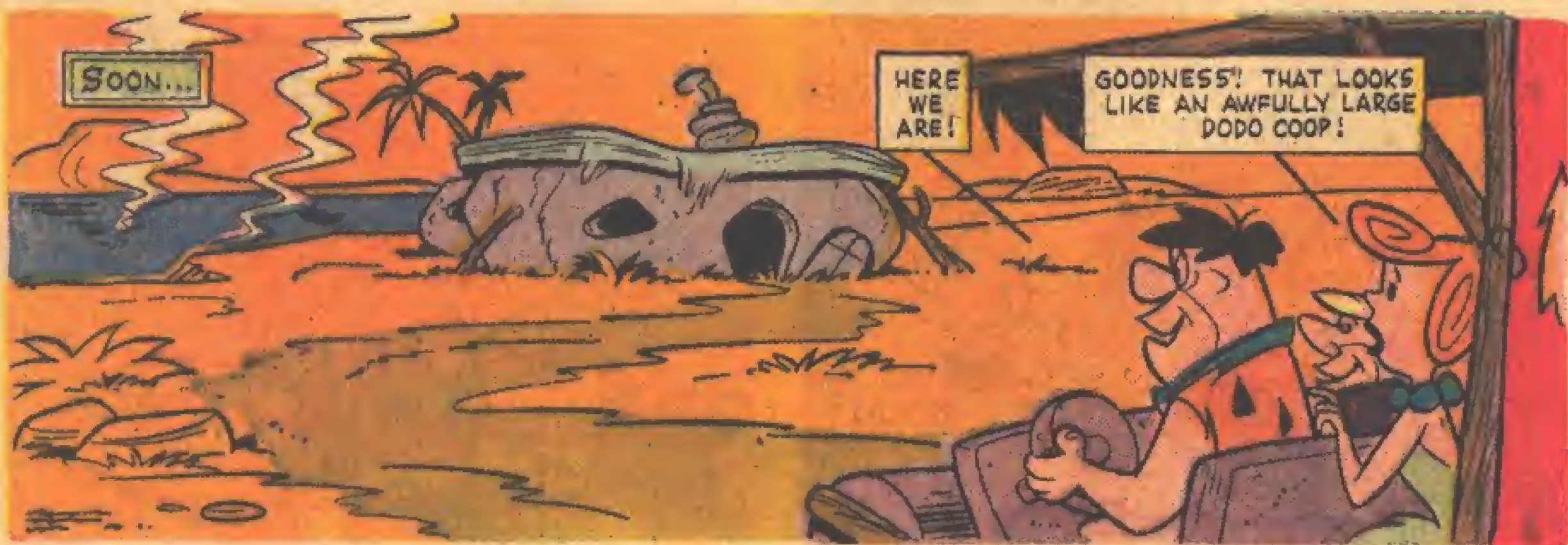








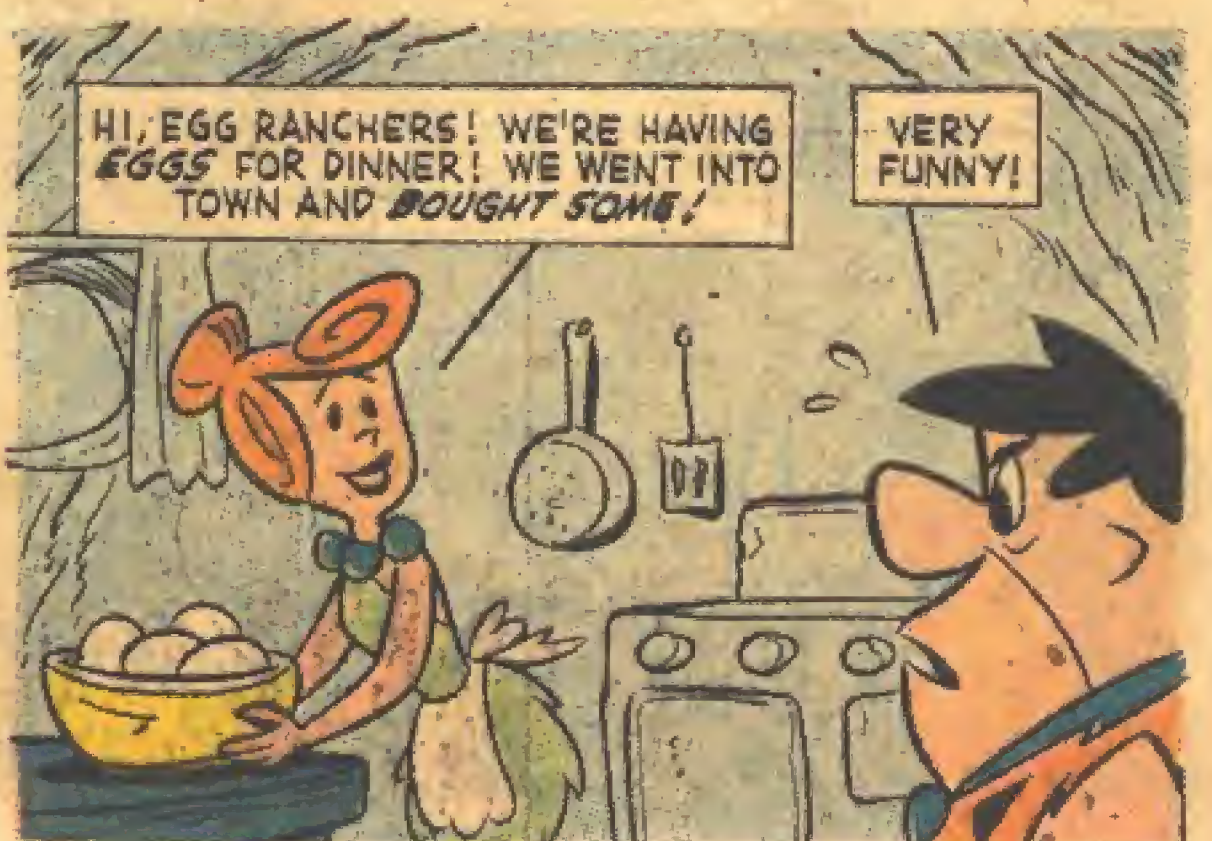
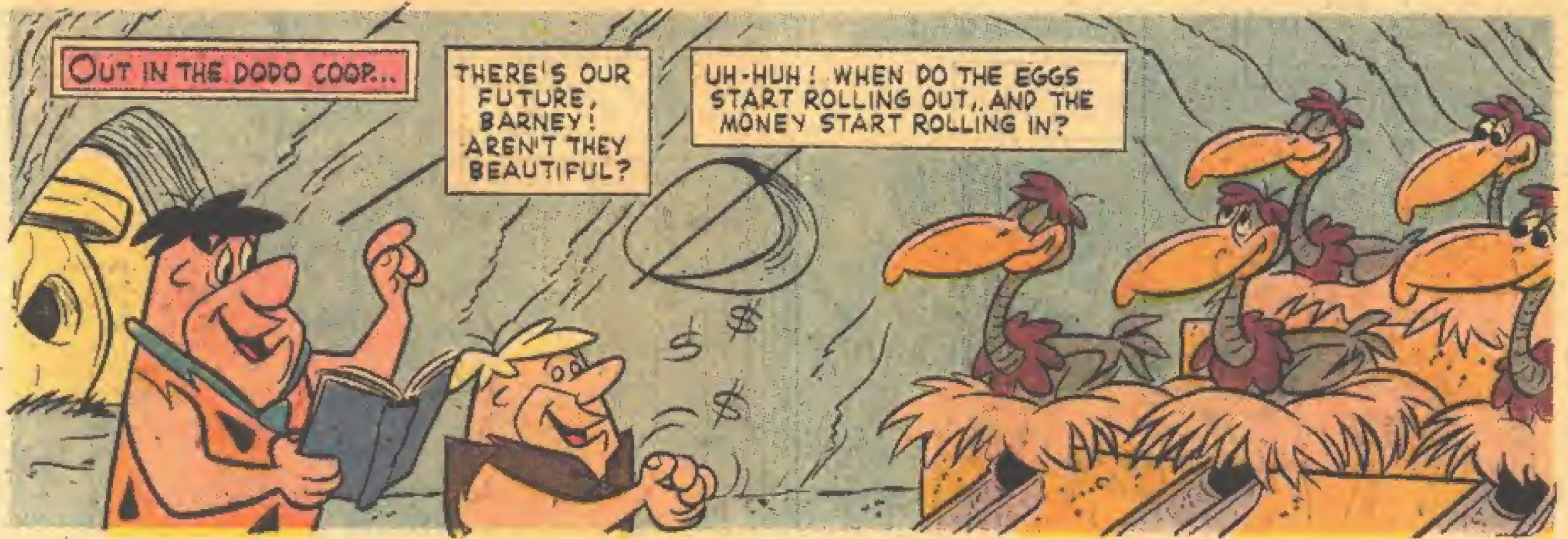




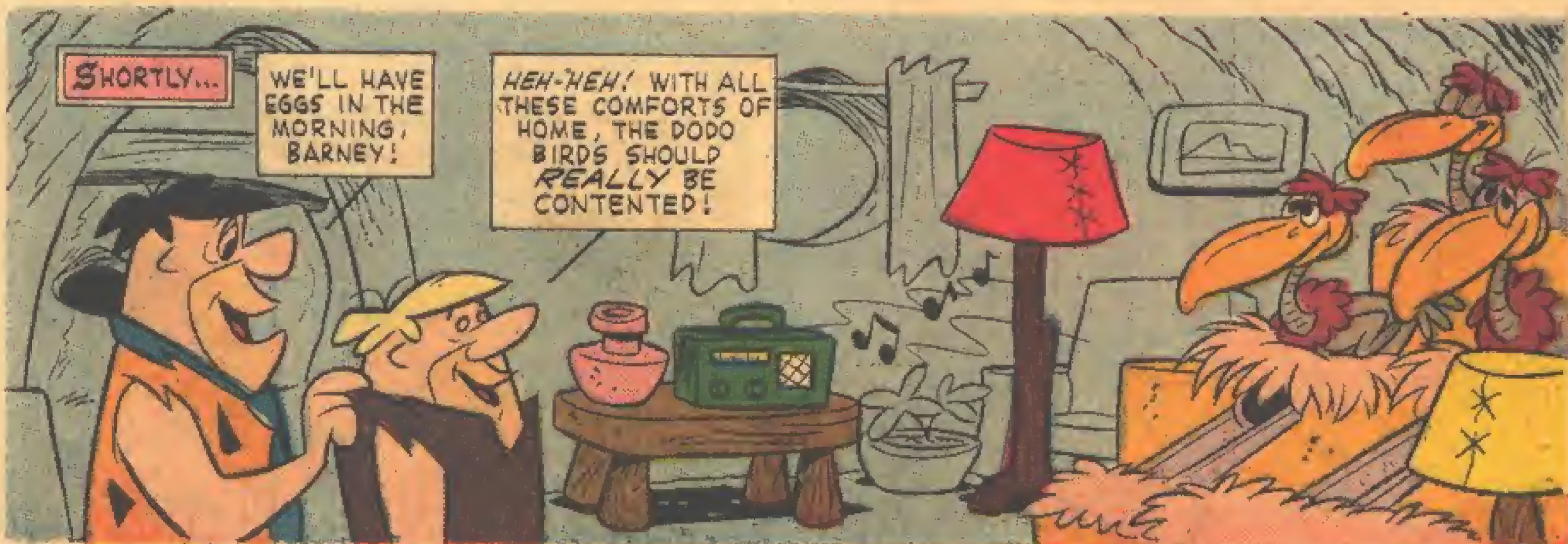
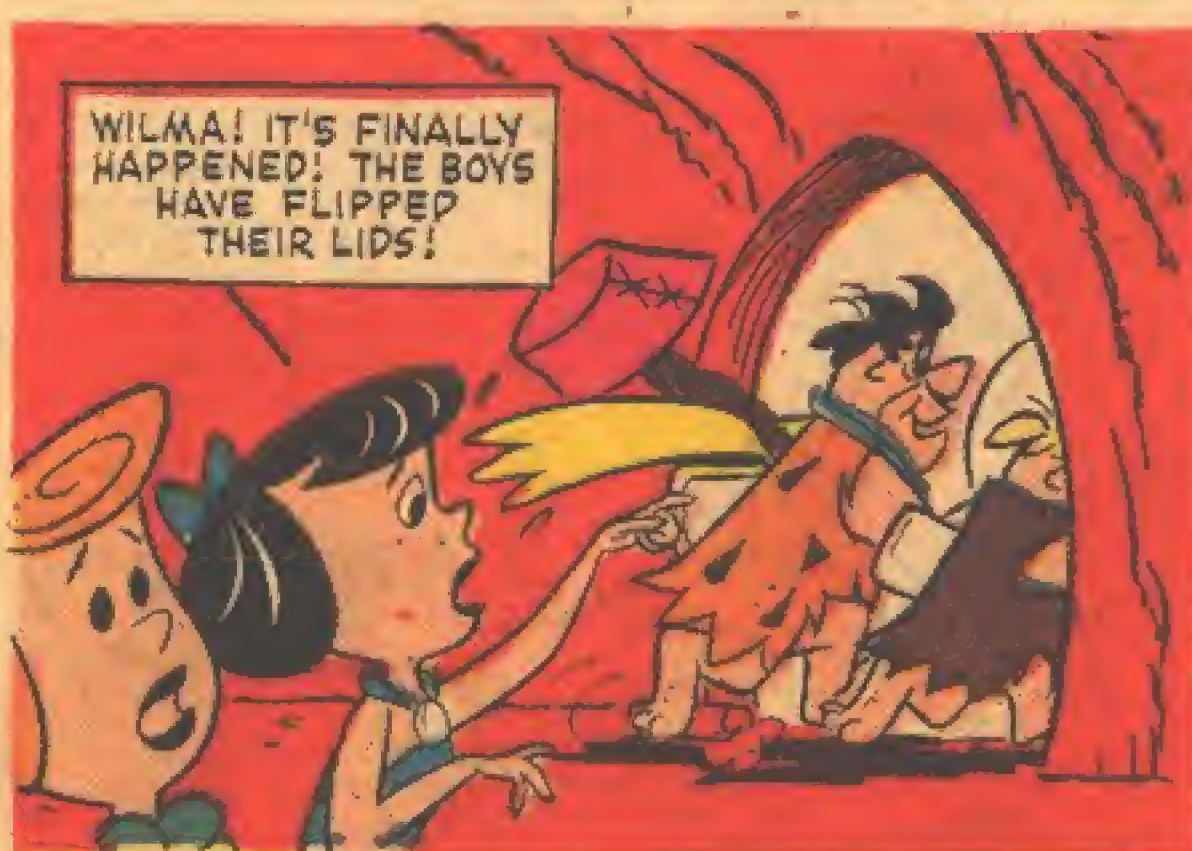
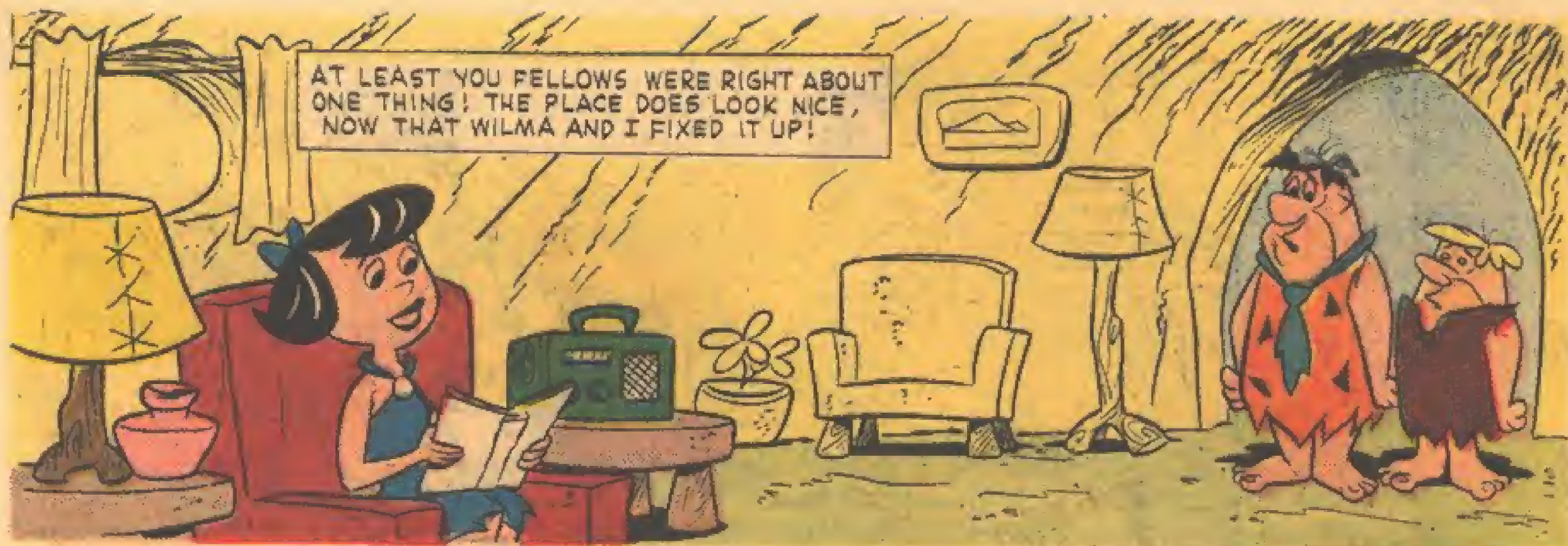




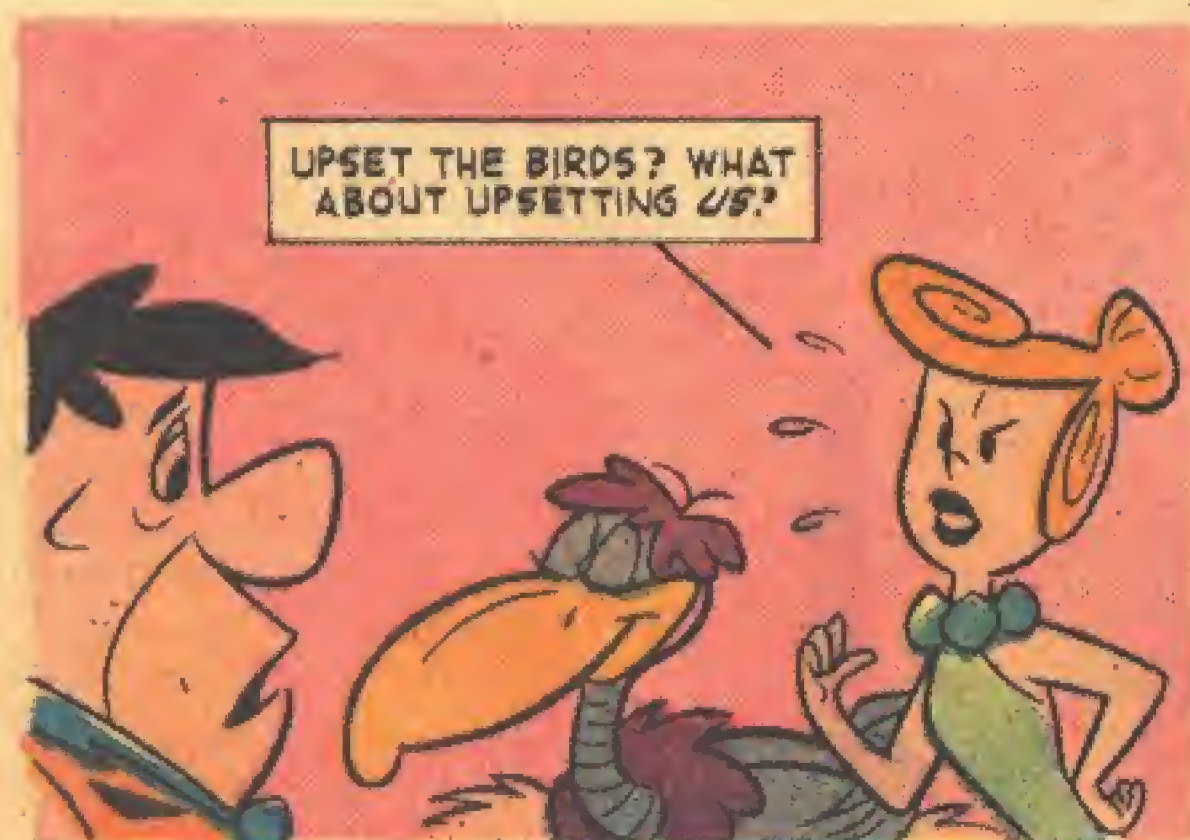
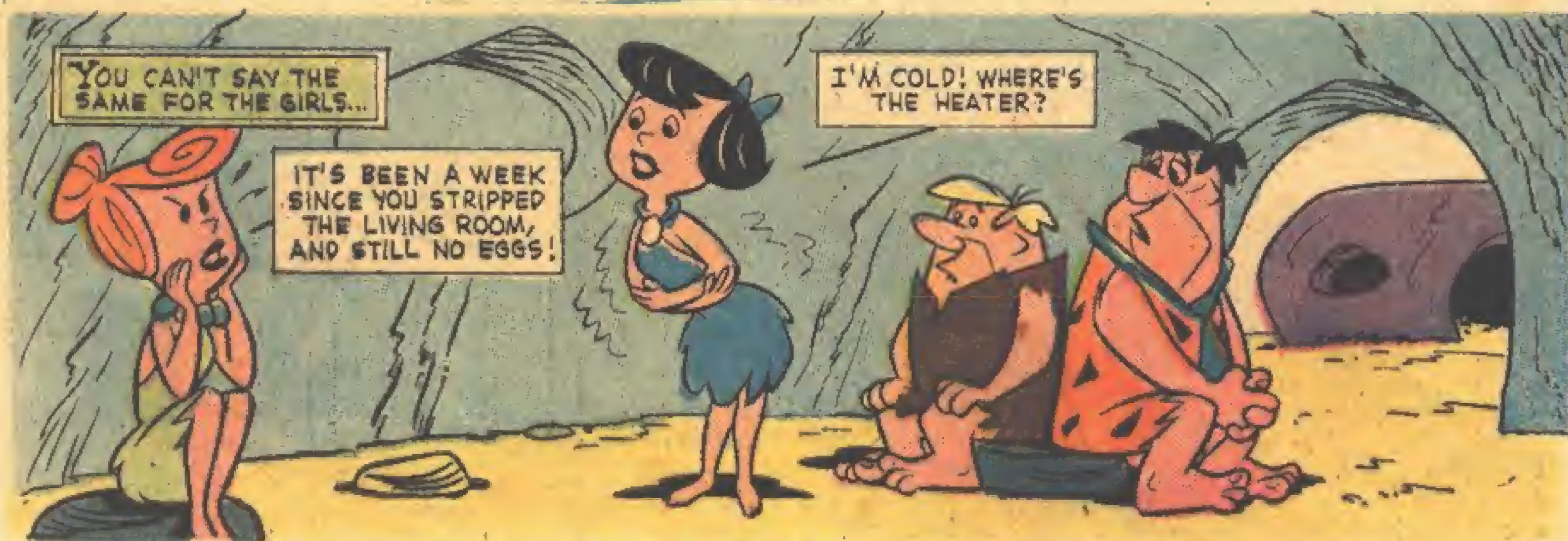




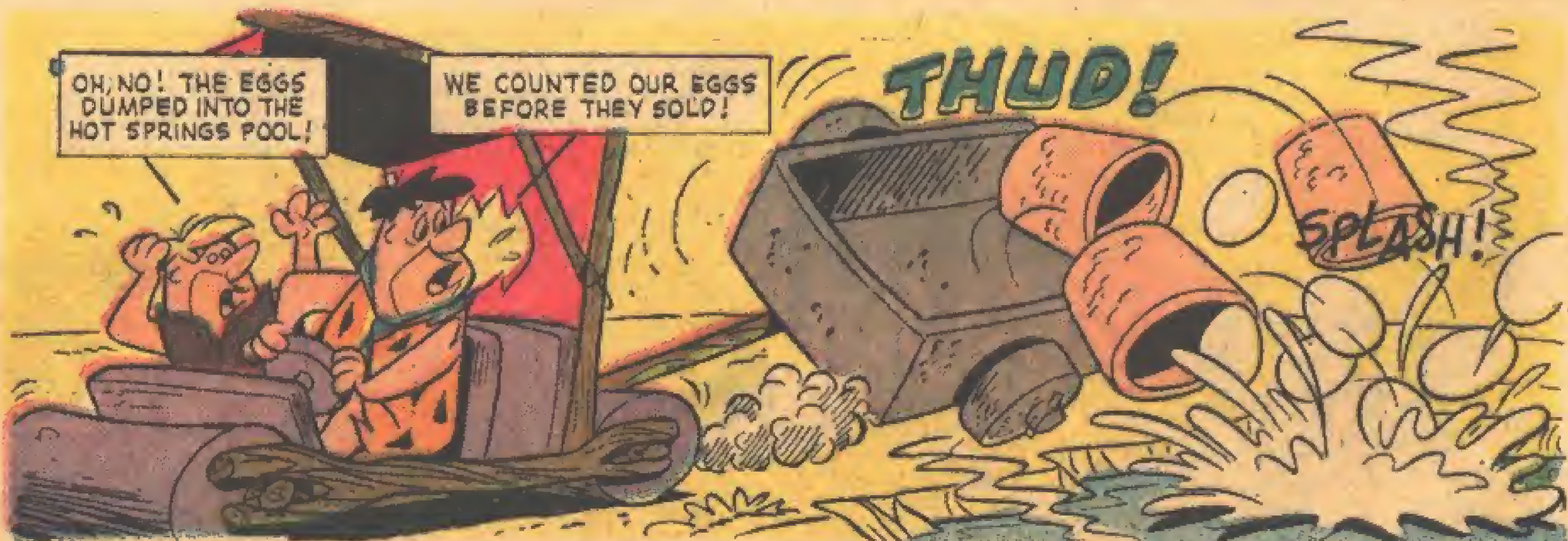
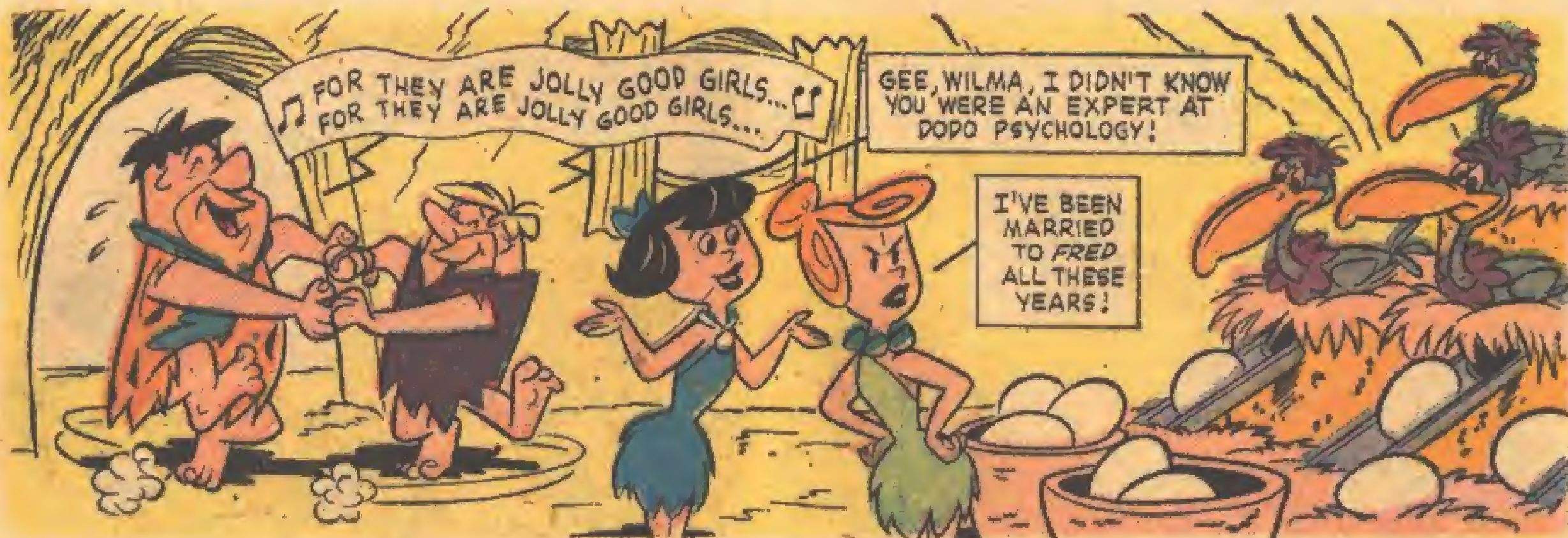
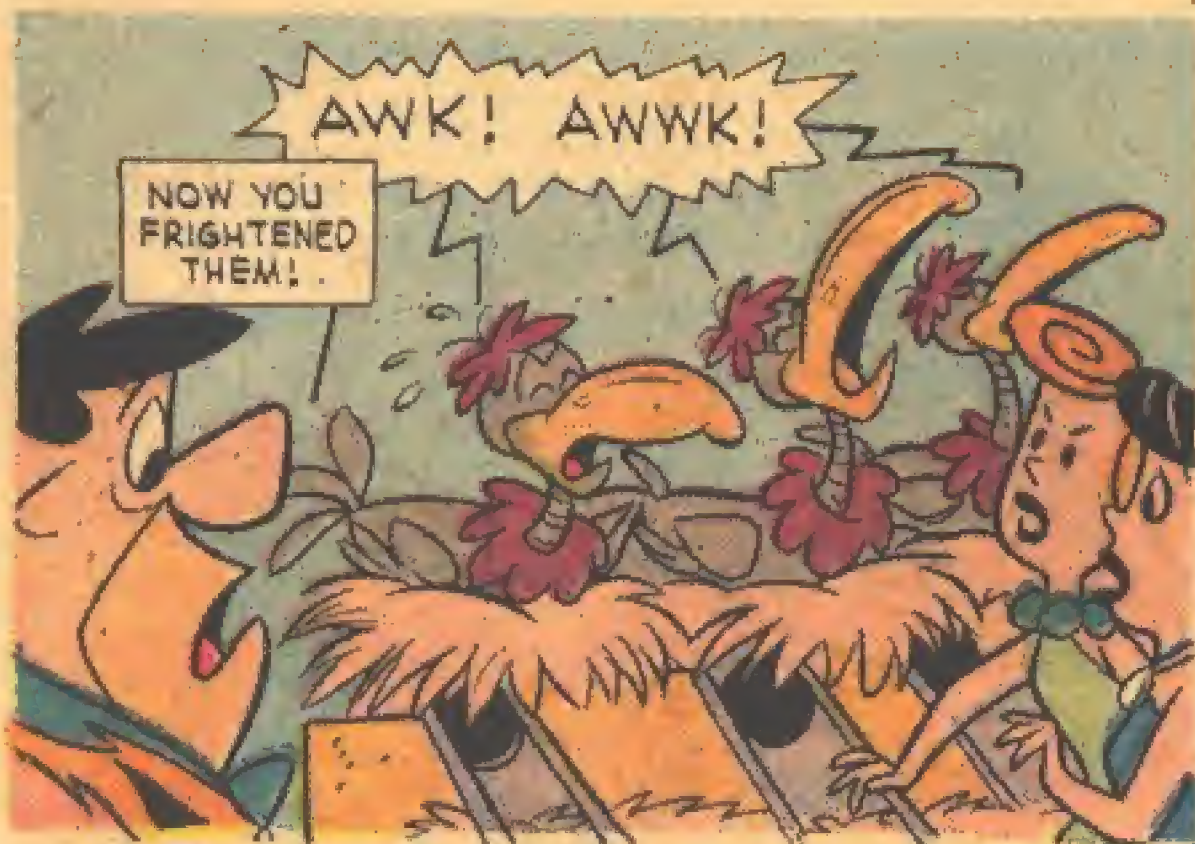




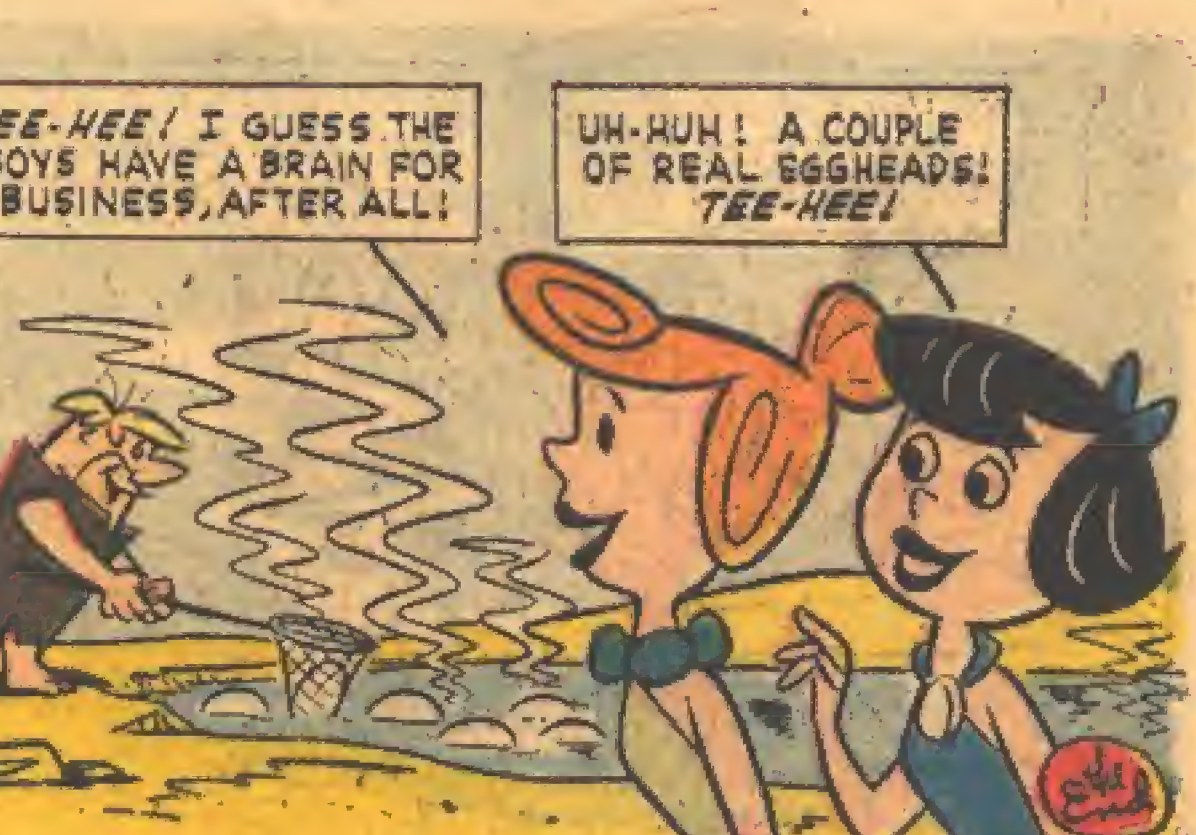
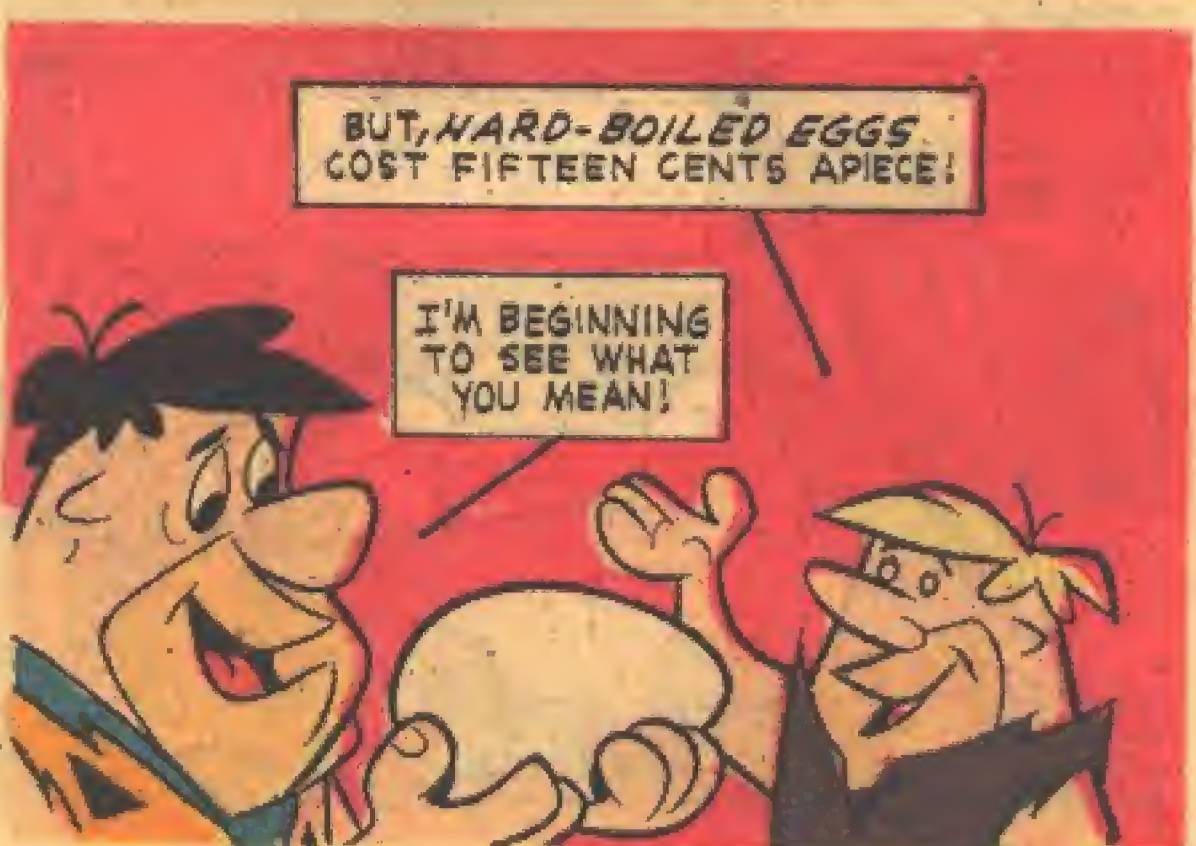






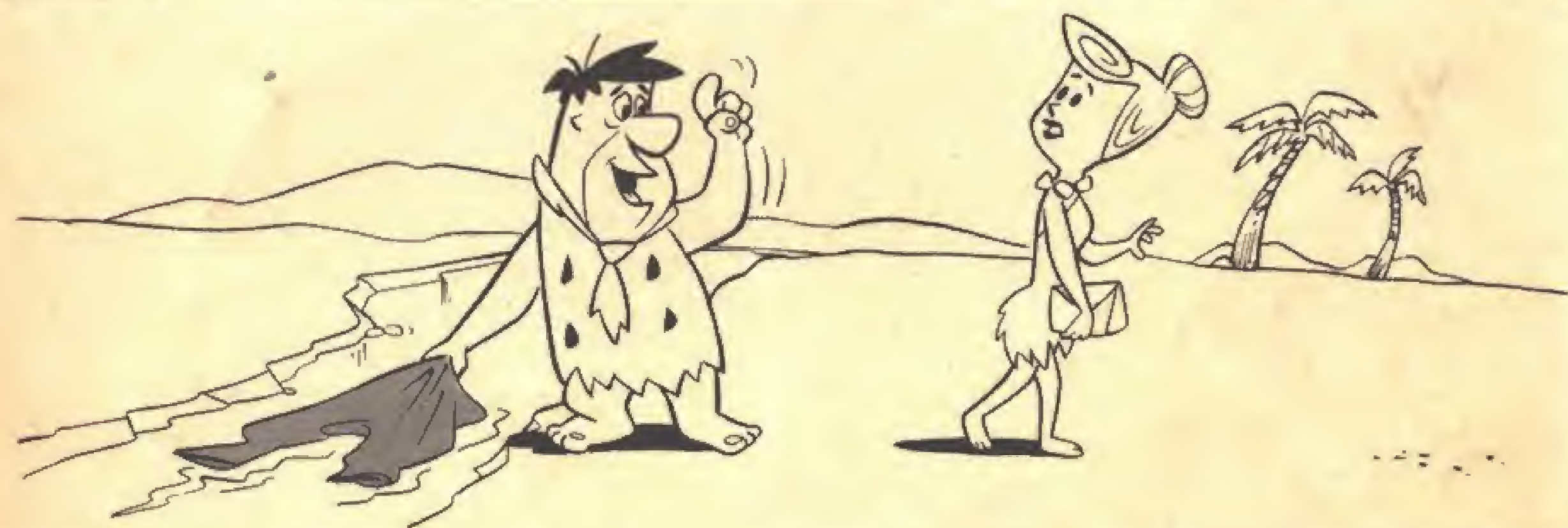








# A Flintstone Funny





THE FLINTSTONES PIN-UP

